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Our Reply to President Shvernik

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,

All over the world, ordinary people have been waiting anxiously for some sign, however small, which could relieve their fear of coming war. When Mr. Malik proposed cease-fire talks in Korea, when the Supreme Soviet replied cordially to the resolution of the American Congress, and when you yourself transmitted that reply to President Truman with a reaffirmation of your country's desire for a negotiated settlement of the problems that divide us—when these things happened far above our heads, we heaved a sigh of relief. And yet we remain sceptical.

Do not misunderstand or underrate this scepticism. Time after time since 1945 we have been disappointed when conferences petered out in sterile procedural arguments and nothing was achieved except a demonstration of total disagreement. For those who are genuinely working for peace the one thing worse than a failure to negotiate is a negotiation that fails.

We are writing this letter to you, Mr. President, because, unlike some of our countrymen, we are ready to assume the sincerity of your message. We believe that you desire peace for your people as President Truman desires it for the Americans and Mr. Attlee for us. But in the present atmosphere of fear and suspicion, and with a world rearmament race already under way, peace cannot be achieved by pious aspirations, far less by propaganda and counter-propaganda. To prevent war and to clear the atmosphere so that negotiations may have a chance of success, each side must be ready to prove its sincerity in action.

We are well aware that the Soviet Government suspects the Atlantic Powers of preparing a war of aggression against it. Very well. Let the Soviet Government tell us precisely those things which we should do to remove its suspicions. By this we do not mean that you should list once again all the great issues that you would put on the agenda of a peace conference. What we suggest is that you should select a few interim steps which you could reasonably ask us to take as a guarantee that the conference you seek would meet in a healthier atmosphere. We believe that if the Soviet Government were to adopt this course of action, it would achieve far more than by calling for an immediate but undefined Five Power non-aggression pact. This must surely come as the wedding in which courtship finds its climax.

If we are to be asked to fulfil these tests of our sincerity, it is reasonable that you should reciprocate in kind. You must know that since Mr. Molotov walked out of the Paris Conference in 1947 and declared war on Marshall Aid; since the Czech coup, the Berlin troubles, and the Korean war; since the Soviet refusal to co-operate either in the main councils of the United Nations or in most of its special agencies, the peoples of the West have begun to doubt the sincerity of your desire for agreement. Most of us in Britain are still fairly confident that the Soviet Government does not desire either to launch a world war or to be dragged into one. But we fear that, for whatever reasons, it prefers to leave the world suspended perilously between peace and war rather than to make the concessions necessary for a general settlement of problems which divide us.

It may well be, Mr. President, that you and your colleagues regard this suspicion of your Government as so ridiculous and unjustified that it cannot be genuine, whereas you believe your own suspicions of our intentions to be obviously grounded in fact. But suspicions, however fantastic, are grim realities, and they will not be removed either from your mind or from ours by the cleverest arguments. We suggest therefore that while you tell us of the specific actions we could take to remove your suspicions, you should be prepared to meet our challenge too.

In our view, there are four actions which the Soviet Government could take to this end. In the first place, it could at long last conclude the Austrian Treaty, so often on the verge of completion and so frequently delayed by last-minute Russian reservations. In the second place, it could call a halt to the political warfare now being conducted against Yugoslavia and so indicate its willingness to permit this small people to develop their institutions as they think fit. In the third place, it could show a willingness to use the machinery of the United Nations for practical rather than for propaganda purposes, and in particular it could participate in the work of such agencies as the World Food and Health Organizations and Unesco. Lastly, we suggest that it could take immediate steps to restore direct contact between the peoples on either side of the iron curtain. Visiting delegations are one thing: the admission of students and tourists and the free exchange both of letters and publications between our citizens would be regarded in the

Western democracies as solid evidence of your real desire for negotiations.

We are aware that in making these suggestions we do not speak for Governments but only for ourselves. We believe, however, that we are expressing the views of a large section of the British and American people, and we should like those views to be discussed by the citizens of the Soviet Union also. We suggest, therefore, that you should pass on this letter to the Editor of *News* with the suggestion that he might care to print it in his journal. We undertake to print his reply at reasonable length. In this small way both papers could contribute to ensuring that not merely Governments but ordinary men and women as well take their part in the Great Debate which will ultimately determine their destiny.

India and Pakistan

The world is used to the discovery of specious arguments to justify acts of military aggression, but it is long since we have seen so unconvincing a piece of casuistry as that by which the *Daily Telegraph* on August 7 sought to prove that, if war began between India and Pakistan, the blame would necessarily fall on Delhi.

The *Daily Telegraph* writes:

> It is certainly true that India is unlikely to fire the first shot. But she is interested in the maintenance of a status quo which is in itself highly inimical to Pakistan. . . .

And because Pakistan dislikes India's rule over a predominantly Moslem country, and is alarmed by consolidation of Abdullah's position in the Valley of Kashmir and by India's strategic advantage in controlling the head-waters of the rivers, the *Daily Telegraph* apparently argues, that she will be justified in firing the first shot! The admittedly conciliatory words of Mr. Nehru and the "sweet reasonableness" of Dr. Prasad, the Indian President, will not even in that case absolve Delhi from "primary responsibility."

This argument, if accepted, gives a free hand to every would-be aggressor in the world and justifies fully the invasion by North Korea. That the *Daily Telegraph* should advance this is important because it only too clearly confirms the view, strongly held in Delhi, that British Conservatism is irrationally, passionately and dangerously wedded to the Pakistan cause. The *Daily Telegraph* even goes so far as to sweep aside as irrelevant India's legal case in Kashmir. The incontrovertible facts are that Sir Harry Singh acceded to India, that in the case of Junegadh Mr. Jinnah publicly committed himself to the view that the decision of a sovereign prince to adhere to one or other Dominion was legally decisive whatever the views of his people; that India voluntarily offered a plebiscite, and that no Indian troops moved into Kashmir until the tribesmen poured through passes into the Valley, burning and pillaging as they came. The case against India is that she has relied far too much on this legal argument and that Pandit Nehru has been obstinate and unreasonable about the conditions of the plebiscite he himself offered. We have repeatedly criticised him on these grounds. But an excellent piece of first-hand reporting from the *Daily Telegraph's* own correspondent in Pakistan perhaps explains better than any argument the reasons for the solidarity of Indian opinion behind Mr. Nehru. Mr. Warner, the *Telegraph's* correspondent describes the fanatical preparations for war in Pakistan, where "a very senior official in the Punjab, Western educated, Western in his mode of life, cried dramatically in conversation with him that he would rather die barehanded against Hindu bayonets than live after giving up Kashmir"; where thousands of Pathans are offering to fight in a Holy War in the West Punjab; where women display the scars on their arms caused by daily firing practice on the rifle range. India does not suffer from a similar fanaticism. The Indian press and public are calm and peaceful in comparison with their neighbours. If, as Mr. Nehru says in his latest appeal for reason and peace to the Pakistan Prime Minister, he feels it necessary to keep troops twenty miles away from the frontier beyond which such fanaticism reigns, who can be surprised or attribute to him the "primary responsibility" if Pakistan "fires the first shot"? We still believe that Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan is too wary a man to listen to such foolish provocation. He is under great pressure but, we do not doubt, will do his best to avoid what would be an appalling tragedy for his country.

Bargaining in Teheran

The mere fact that a British delegation, headed by Mr. Richard Stokes, is now negotiating in Teheran is sufficient evidence of Mr. Morrison's wisdom in repelling the Conservative pressure for strong arm methods against Dr. Moussadeq. But negotiations do not mean that we are out of our difficulties. On his visit to Abadan Mr. Stokes must have realised that he had to deal not merely with one but with two irreconcilable nationalisms. With Persian public opinion still inflamed, no politician in Teheran can afford publicly to withdraw from the nationalisation law. On the other hand the British personnel at Abadan—victims of an unbearable climate, stung by the humiliations to which they have been subjected, and violently opposed to the politics of the Government in London—are in an equally awkward mood. To judge from reports of their meeting with Mr. Stokes, they will accuse him of "selling them down the river" if he agrees to any formula which reduces their status as the Sahibs of Abadan or permits the Persians to obtain any share in the control of operations. It is to be hoped that Mr. Stokes realises that the only possible basis for agreement is the separation of the three functions of the company—production, refining and shipping. Broadly speaking, the first should be completely controlled by the Persians with British technical assistance; the second should become an Anglo-Persian partnership, and the third remain in the hands of A.I.O.C.

The Kaesong Talks

General Ridgway would indeed be playing a risky game at Kaesong, if his uncompromising attitude were not based on the conviction that Peking had determined to end the war. We have no doubt that Washington is at least willing to conclude a truce, if it can be done without loss of prestige, and we have no reason to suppose that General Ridgway is wrong in his assessment of Chinese intentions. The danger is that his toughness in the tactical manoeuvres of negotiation may obscure the real difficulty of drawing a satisfactory line of demarcation. The U.N. field commanders are naturally reluctant to abandon the favourable positions which their troops at present occupy and which represent a defensive line as nearly corresponding with the 38th Parallel as sound tactical considerations permit. On the other hand, can the Communists easily accept a line which in places extends up to 40 miles north of the old frontier? It is worth remembering that M. Malik's original armistice proposal was that both sides should withdraw some distance from the Parallel; and there are grounds for arguing that the reaction of the U.N. to his initiative implied the acceptance of this withdrawal. There would be difficulty about this course, even if the Americans were prepared to consider it. Some form of supervision and inspection of the no-man's-land between the two armies would be required, partly to prevent the secret preparation of a new offensive by either side and partly to forestall the civil war which would certainly be the ambition of Syngman Rhee—and very likely of his North Korean counterparts. In spite of this we think that a withdrawal by both sides may offer the best chance of a satisfactory outcome. The bright chances of ending the war must not be lost by intransigence on either side.

Britain and Egypt

The Egyptian Foreign Minister's violent reply to Mr. Morrison's recent speech in the House of Commons will surprise only those who still delude themselves about the strength of Middle Eastern nationalism. Mr. Morrison had used some conventional friendly phrases about Egypt, but he had stated more categorically than ever before the British view that in any new treaty Egypt must accept the continued presence of British troops as an essential requirement of Middle Eastern defence. The Egyptians at least have not forgotten that, before he began the abortive 1946 negotiations, Lord Stansgate on behalf of the Cabinet formally accepted the principle that British troops should be withdrawn. This concession no doubt was made by Mr. Bevin because at the time he anticipated the use of Palestine as an alternative base. But few Egyptians can see why a British *volte-face* on the Palestine issue should affect their claim to be rid of a foreign occupation which offends their national self-esteem. Indeed, their maintenance of the present blockade of the Suez Canal (against which Britain, America and France are now supporting the Israeli protest in the Security Council) is merely a legacy of Mr. Bevin's Palestine policy, which in the Egyptian view first encouraged the Arab attack on the Jews, and then permitted the Jews to defeat it.

The extremism of the Egyptian attitude to-day has one advantage. It removes the last illusion in the Foreign Office that it is possible to negotiate a treaty which either permits our troops to remain or leaves the Sudanese free to settle their own destiny. We have the choice therefore of either staying in the Canal Zone in defiance of Egyptian wishes, so long as the present Treaty runs, or at once finding an alternative peace-time base. Now that Turkey has been admitted to the Atlantic Pact and Anglo-Israeli relations are so much

improved, the second alternative is not quite so bleak as it once appeared.

Dividend Freeze

A letter of particular interest from Mr. Paul Derrick on the limitation of dividends appears in our correspondence columns. Mr. Derrick is concerned to attack us for some of the views expressed in last week's leading article, "Dishing Mr. Bevan." We are accused of not having given due weight to the economic merits of the Chancellor's dividend "freeze." But when Mr. Derrick reaches the point of seeking to argue his case, he bases his argument on the different proposition that statutory dividend limitation should be permanent. Since Mr. Gaitskell's proposal was specifically for a three-year freeze and since Mr. Derrick himself points out that "nobody is likely to get very excited about a temporary delay in the distribution of record profits," his criticism of our argument is somewhat beside the point. But in advocating permanent limitation, equally on economic and doctrinal grounds, he has raised a serious issue. Certainly such a policy by itself would be the most devastating blow which could be struck at the "private sector." Indeed, Mr. Derrick agrees that "its effect would be very similar to that of nationalisation." This is at first sight an attractive, if facile, approach to the real problem of how to harness private enterprise to the national need. But if adopted without qualification, it would mean the end of the Labour Party's current conception of a mixed economy in which risk-bearing capital performs its function alongside publicly-owned utilities. There are many practical difficulties about a solution on these lines. A recent Fabian pamphlet, *The Anatomy of Private Industry*, by Austen Albu and Norman Hewett is relevant. The problem of the private sector is one which the Labour Party must face—and face realistically.

The Right to Strike

The disappearance of Order 1305 will have no mourners: honoured in the breach, and finally discredited by the confused findings of the jury in the dockers' case this Spring, the Order was ripe for repeal. Under the new Order, No. 1376, which replaces it, an Industrial Disputes Tribunal will decide any issues which organisations of employers or trade unions report to the Minister as being incapable of settlement through existing machinery. But though this reference to arbitration is thus compulsory, there will in future be no restriction on the right of the contestants to enforce their claims by strike or lock-out—with the exception, of course, that workers in certain public utilities may still be liable to prosecution under the Conspiracy Act of 1875. Mr. Robens, in announcing the terms of the new Order, suggested that the Tribunal's award would become "an implied term of the contract" between employers and employees, and that the ignoring of an award might consequently open the way for action in the civil courts to recover damages for breach of contract. This appears to us to be a doubtful proposition; at any rate it is one on which the courts will have to pronounce. In effect, the right to strike is now substantially restored—a welcome recognition of reality.

The Coal Board's Next Step

RENEWED warnings that next winter may bring a fresh fuel crisis lend point to the question whether the recent reorganisation of the National Coal Board is adequate to meet the needs of the situation. In the reconstructed Board, members will no longer be departmental chiefs, standing in a somewhat doubtful relation to the salaried chief officials whose provinces are the same as theirs. The new Board is evidently meant to be primarily a policy-making rather than an administrative agency. Undoubtedly this change, towards which the Board has been tending for some time past, is good as far as it goes. But just how far is it meant to go? Will the chief salaried officers at the centre now take over the work of administering the industry—work which they have hitherto shared with the full-time Board members? Or will there be a real attempt to decentralise the entire administration, so that the Board and its officers at the centre will be alike concerned only with high policy, while the day-to-day tasks of administration, as well as of colliery management, will be shared out among a much larger number of persons actually working in the coalfields?

Most of the Coal Board's critics during the past few years have advocated breaking up the industry into a number of local or regional units, and limiting the Board's functions to general planning and co-ordination, with perhaps special duties in connection with the marketing, as distinct from the mining, of coal. Proposals of this sort have not come only from Conservatives, or from mining engineers such as Sir Charles Reid. For example, the pamphlet on the subject published recently by the Co-operative Party comes out strongly in favour of such a policy, urging that the form taken by the regional managing bodies should be that of mining co-operatives, in whose control the miners would participate directly. There have been considerable differences between the plans put forward by reformers, but there is wide support for the view that the coal industry is much too big to be efficiently managed from a single centre, and that the effect of centralisation is particularly bad from the human point of view, because it fails to create a sufficient sense of responsibility among either managers or miners.

It is, however, to be doubted whether this view is shared by the National Union of Mineworkers, or at all events by its leaders. The N.U.M. and its predecessor, the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, fought a long campaign, not only for nationalisation of the coal mines, but also for a central system of collective bargaining and for a national pooling of finances that would make possible uniform wages for the same work throughout the coalfields and the subsidising of high-cost pits and districts out of the surpluses of the low-cost producing areas. The N.U.M. is still set on wage-standardisation, and would certainly oppose any plan which meant that each area must stand on its own financial feet. Moreover, some at any rate of the miners' leaders see advantages in being able to deal with a single body which can pass on its orders to every section of the industry; some are afraid that decentralisation would put more power into the hands of the technicians, who are apt to undervalue the human aspects of the problem in comparison with the engineering aspects; and some are actually hostile to any proposal that the mineworkers should be made responsible partners in the management. Their attitude is that they can do better by remaining aloof and trusting to their bargaining power, which is strongest when it is gathered up into a single national unit.

It can, then, by no means be taken for granted that the N.U.M. would favour a plan of decentralisation, even if it were to take a form which gave the mineworkers a real share in control, and not merely nebulous rights of consultation. What is out of the question is the plan, favoured by Sir Charles Reid and some others, to constitute a considerable number of almost entirely independent corporations in the coalfields, and to make each of these directly responsible to the Minister and to Parliament.

The Coal Board works at present through nine Divisions, which are sub-divided into a total of 48 Areas, the typical Area having round about 15,000 miners. The Divisions are essentially supervisory agencies, the actual management of production and of pit reorganisation being in the hands of the Area Managers. Most of the N.C.B.'s critics wish to cut out the Divisions—too large, they say, to be real managing units, and unnecessary if there is to be any effective decentralisation of management. Some of the critics wish to retain the Areas much as they now are: others wish to increase their size to about twice what it is, in order not to multiply unduly the number of separate bodies with which the N.C.B., or the Minister, will have to deal.

There is indeed much to be said in favour of cutting out the Divisions; but here again the N.U.M. may have something to say. The Divisions do not in all cases coincide with the N.U.M. Districts; but in a number of cases they do, and the miners have a long tradition of coalfield bargaining and organisation. The N.U.M. Districts might take strong objection to the disappearance of bodies with which they can deal for their entire membership, and to the necessity of dealing separately with a number of autonomous Areas. This again is by no means a final objection to abolishing the Divisions; but it may be desirable, at any rate for a time, to keep some sort of skeleton Divisional organisation in being, even if the N.C.B. delegates to Areas much of the control over colliery working.

The difficulty in the way of abolishing the Divisions, or reducing them to a quite minor position in the structure, and handing over most of the functions of management to the Areas as they now exist, is that it would not be easy either to find 48 men capable of running them as autonomous bodies, or for the Coal Board or the Minister to keep effective liaison with so many separate groups. That is why

some of the Board's critics wish to enlarge the Areas, and to reduce their number. But the larger they are made, the less will it be possible to build up a strong sense of collective responsibility among the mineworkers; and the difficulty of keeping touch need not be too great if there is real decentralisation, so that the number of questions that have to be taken up to the centre is limited. It should be practicable, without making the Areas wholly autonomous, to give them all the essential functions of day-to-day management, and at the same time to reconstitute them in such a way as to avoid the handing over of exclusive authority to the engineers, who in most cases now head the Area hierarchies. It is on a foundation of fairly small Areas that it would be easiest to bring in representatives of the mineworkers to share in management.

Whatever the final solution, the fundamental problem needing an answer is how to improve relations at the colliery level and give both managers and mineworkers a stronger sense that it is up to them to provide the coal the country needs, for export as well as for home consumption, at a reasonable cost. At present, it is all too easy for the managers in the coalfields to blame the Board for everything that goes wrong, and for the miners' complaints to be sidetracked into abuse of the "outsiders" whom the Board is accused of sending into the coalfields to interfere with the "insiders" who really know the job. This evasion of responsibility, which affects both managers and miners, cannot be got rid of without real decentralisation of functions. The new Board must give first priority to thinking out ways and means of reconciling the N.U.M.'s claims with the manifest need to place responsibility upon groups not too large to feel it, and to advance beyond mere joint consultation to some form of real participation. Without that, the feeling of responsibility for the success of the undertaking will never take firm root.

A Matter of Privilege

WITH so many life and death issues at stake, the British public can be forgiven its expression of impatience at the amount of time the House of Commons has recently devoted to the discussion of its own privileges. The relative unpopularity of Co-operative cigarettes, the trifling indiscretions of Tory dames at their annual bazaars, the bumping—even very gently—of policemen's behinds by M.P.s' motor cars seem to be taking precedence over the matters which most of our constituents consider more truly the nation's business. Since 1946, Parliament has shown itself increasingly concerned with upholding its ancient rights of Privilege, the public increasingly contemptuous of a system which seems to set M.P.s above the ordinary provisions of the law. Both are wrong. If this House of Commons and its predecessor have been unreasonably touchy about the day-to-day pinpricks of party politics, public impatience has been deliberately fostered by misleading and tendentious accounts of the nature of Parliamentary Privilege.

Of the three recent cases, Lady Mellor's frivolous attack on the impartiality of the Chair and Mr. William Barkley's libel on the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee need never have taken up so much of the House's time. Lady Mellor's indiscretion was the more trifling. Ignorant attacks by outsiders on the impartiality of the Chair are properly resented by M.P.s and may constitute a contempt by tending to bring Parliament into disrepute. But no good is done by bringing into action the formidable machinery of Privilege unless the matter of the contempt is too great to be overlooked. In this case the Committee of Privileges found that a contempt had been committed, and recommended, inevitably, that the matter was too trivial to justify further action. The result was a gross magnification of the incident and a good deal of gratuitous publicity for Lady Mellor's silly remarks, which would have passed almost unnoticed if they had not been thrust into the limelight by the actions of those who were bent on suppressing them.

The case of the Co-operative cigarettes was more seriously objectionable. Statements of Mr. Barkley, the Parliamentary correspondent of the *Daily Express*, implying that the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, who happens to be a Co-operative Member, had taken advantage of his position to force their sale, were unanimously found to be "a gross libel and contempt." So, no doubt, they were, since they might have tended, as in the Mellor case, to drag Parliament into disrepute. But the essence of the offence was a wholly unwarrantable insinuation against the honour of a much-respected M.P., whose integrity is beyond question. Moreover, since the *Daily Express* has for years missed no opportunity of attacking the Co-operative movement as a whole, it could reasonably have been argued that the words complained of were malicious as well as being damaging and untrue; and it is a pity that a judge and jury were not given the opportunity of considering them. It is stretching the doctrine of Privilege undesirably wide to use it to defend the common-law rights of individuals for which there is already adequate protection in the ordinary courts.

Mr. John Lewis's understandable impatience with the traffic congestion in the Bayswater Road was the only one of the recent cases which inevitably raised a matter of Privilege. It is beyond doubt that one of the privileges of Parliament, dating from more lawless days, is the right of uninterrupted access to the Palace of Westminster. At the beginning of each session the House of Commons underlines this right by passing a Sessional Order directing the Commissioner of Police to secure it. Nothing is laid down in either the Doctrine of Privilege or the Sessional Order, defining the area within which this privilege may be claimed; but it is usually understood to apply only to the immediate vicinity of the House. Mr. Lewis, held up by traffic on his way to vote and unable to secure from the police the assistance which he felt was his due, raised the matter in the House alleging a breach of the Privilege of uninterrupted access. The police subsequently issued a summons against him, before the House had disposed of that issue and arising out of the very incidents which, as he claimed, had involved a breach of Privilege. Many members felt that the issue of the summons in those circumstances, as distinct from statutory notice of the intention to summon, itself constituted a breach of Privilege of some importance. For might not this be asking a mere magistrate rather than the House to decide whether or not the original incident had involved Privilege?

In the event the Committee decided, in what may come to be considered as one of its less distinguished rulings, that the original claim of privilege was an improper one and that no breach was occasioned by the service of the summons. With the first half of this finding no reasonable person will disagree. The second is open to a substantial criticism. For Parliament is normally the sole arbiter in matters of Privilege; and many M.P.s will agree with Mr. Paget, K.C., that the action of the police in serving the summons at the moment they did was, if not actually a breach of Privilege, at least a considerable indiscretion.

The case is of interest because it serves to illuminate some of the roots of Privilege. For Privilege belongs to Parliament itself. It is the possession of individuals only so far as they attract some portion of it by virtue of membership of the corporate body, or where they depend on it to carry out their function as M.P.s. The Privilege of uninterrupted access is not, therefore, a perquisite which a Member can demand as a reward for election but an inherent right of the House itself to claim the attendance of its Members. Thus Mr Lewis was clearly unreasonable in asserting that the inability or even unwillingness of the police to show him special favours in a difficulty of his own making constituted a breach. But let us suppose—and it is a charming hypothesis—a Member were to be kidnapped by his political opponents and prevented from attending the Commons. The House would certainly find a grave breach of Privilege, not so much on account of the assault for which other legal remedies are available, but because no outsider may deny to Parliament the service of its Members.

The tendency in recent years has been to allow such Privileges as are not applicable to modern conditions to atrophy. Newspaper reports of the proceedings of the Commons, forbidden originally because of Parliament's need to conceal its deliberations from the King, remain a technical breach of Privilege to this day. But nowadays M.P.s welcome Parliamentary reporting—or at least affect to, and it is certain that the old rule will never again be invoked, except possibly as a peg on which to hang a charge of particularly extreme misrepresentation. It may well be that one of the consequences of the Lewis case will be the virtual abandonment of the Privilege of uninterrupted access, except in the immediate precincts of Parliament or in the case of some gross affront such as the hypothetical kidnapping suggested above.

On the other hand, some Privileges are as essential to the working of a free Parliament to-day as they ever were. For instance, M.P.s may say anything they wish in the House with-

out fear of consequence, provided they follow the rules of order which the House itself determines. As recently as 1947, in a Privilege case of major importance, it was held to be improper for a Member to enter into any contractual arrangement with an outsider which in any way limited his freedom of Parliamentary action and speech. Freedom of speech is indeed one of the most precious and essential of Parliamentary Privileges and jealously guarded because it has been hard won.

The gradual establishment of the full liberty and sovereignty of Parliament has been achieved not least by the doctrine of Privilege. The position of the Commons may now perhaps be finally secure, buttressed as it is by universal adult suffrage. But Kings, Judges, and Peers are the natural enemies of democracy and, though they may nowadays be tame, Parliament should not play the game of its enemies by discarding the defence it has built up against them. These old rules of Privilege are the sinews of that defence and should be treated with respect by both M.P.s and their constituents.

JOHN FREEMAN

London Diary

THE Bank Holiday rain poured down outside; inside, by a nice coal fire, an eminent and despairing German physicist discussed fuel economy. "I know that this is supposed to be summer," he observed, "and this fire is an English luxury. But you can still remember shivering week by week last winter in front of an empty open grate or watching the bar of your electric stove grow pale in an electricity cut. Next winter, since production is hardly keeping pace with consumption at a time when you should be stockpiling, it will be far, far worse, both for the domestic user of coal and for industry. Of course you can enlarge the dollar gap and, incidentally, produce a shipping crisis by deciding at the last moment to import American coal. But this would be unnecessary if you saved millions of tons by converting your open grates into stoves. A modern stove keeps you far warmer, costs far less and is far cleaner. And if you want an 'open fire' to ruminate over, it can provide that too. But no. You prefer industrial catastrophe and domestic misery."

Of course my German friend is right. Since 1945, successive Ministers of Fuel and Power have made speeches about fuel economy and stubbornly refused to listen to the advice of their scientific advisers. Their excuse is that no politician could deprive the Englishman of his coal fire without losing an election. Staggered hours have been introduced in many areas in order to spread the electric load, and they have caused the industrial worker appalling inconveniences. But the domestic coal fire and the electric stove—the two most wasteful ways of consuming fuel—will go on until by some miracle the Prime Minister selects as his Minister of Fuel and Power a man who is prepared to help science defeat superstition.

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A colleague who paddled inquiringly round the Lansbury "neighbourhood unit" in the rain of Bank Holiday tells me that he would give high marks to the general lay-out of the site, with its fine effect of spacious airiness, to the well-planned shopping centre and market, and to the quite admirable school building. But in respect to the (two-storey) houses and the flats—a specimen of each, fully furnished, is on show—he raises a point of criticism which may not be easy to answer. The living-rooms and bedrooms are definitely small: in the three-bedroom units the tenants would have to achieve the yachtsman's or caravan-dweller's standard of tidiness—even with the aid of the somewhat exiguous built-in cupboards provided in the kitchen. In the "show" house and flat, the problem of space is partially solved by installing very compact "modern" furniture. This, however, is expensive: a house-full runs into several hundred pounds—much more than most of the prospective tenants could afford. In general, they will have to make do with their old "sticks"; and those will often be largish Edwardian objects which will clutter up the rooms and frustrate the architects' excellent intentions. I am fully aware that space costs money—and, even with subsidy, Lansbury rents at over 30s. for a three-bedroom apartment are fairly stiff—but ought we really to be building homes whose rooms, with normal furniture, will be so congested when lived in?

* * *

I can think of no better way of converting idealistic young people to Communism—or confirming them in their Communist convictions—than the extraordinary game which the police of Western Europe were playing last week with the delegates on the way to the Communist Jamboree in East Berlin. A party of British boys and girls were held on board ship at Dieppe by a huge posse of French agents and then sent back to Newhaven. Seventeen hundred boys and girls who tried to evade the police network by travelling to Berlin via Austria were caught in Innsbruck. The whole Zonal frontier has been alerted to stop the Germans who want to attend—and fifteen thousand got through! Could anything be more thrilling or more inflating to the adolescent ego than to take part in this sort of affair? It combines exciting and highly publicised martyrdom with a conscientious excuse for pitting your acumen and dash against the forces of law and order. Let any grown-up think back and ask himself on which side his schoolboy sympathies would have been if he had read about such an adventure. We are always being told that West Berlin is a splendid shop window for the democratic way of life, and that Communism—thanks to the Russian behaviour in the Eastern Zone—has no appeal to Germans. If this is really so, there was no point in trying to prevent the Germans from attending. Yet the excuse for stopping the foreign delegations was the bad effect it would have in Western Germany. By playing this idiotic game of cops and robbers with a large number of young people—some of them idealistic and all out for inexpensive adventure—we make ourselves ridiculous and give Communism the most attractive kind of advertisement. Incidentally we are making nonsense of Mr. Morrison's *Pravda* plea for breaking down Soviet barriers against the free movement of ideas and people.

* * *

Two most useful pamphlets have just come from the Union of Democratic Control. The first is by G. D. H. Cole. *Weakness Through Strength* (the U.D.C., 32 Victoria Street, S.W.1: price 1s. 1d. post free) examines the economics of contemporary rearmament with a trenchant objectivity which results in very much the same conclusions as those of *One Way Only*. Professor Cole suggests that rearmament in Britain is defeating its own end, and also that it we did reduce our own rearmament, we should barely save our economy from ruin; we should still be at the mercy of shortages caused by American rearmament. Only a general subsidence of Cold War will serve. The other is Basil Davidson's *Japanese Ally?* (U.D.C., 6d.) which shows the steps by which MacArthur "rehabilitated" the Japanese militarists and prepared the way for the disastrous policy of unlimited Japanese rearmament.

* * *

I can find no parallel either here or in America for the wholesale dismissal of ninety cadets from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. For what was the charge against these young men? Solely that confronted with the clear military duty of overcoming the resistance of hostile examiners and capturing the certificates of merit hitherto denied them, they pooled their resources, made a co-ordinated plan and, by a daring stroke of policy, secured the assistance of outside allies with whose assistance they were able to overcome the enemy and capture their objectives. To describe all this merely as "cheating" is to overlook a notable exercise in the traditional military virtues. Did not Lord Wavell once define the two basic attributes of the successful soldier as the cunning of a cat burglar coupled with ruthless toughness in pursuit of an objective? What better example of these qualities can be found than in the ninety heroes of West Point? Nine Republican Congressmen who have sought to connect this incident with the recent "basket-ball 'fix' cases and the trafficking of high school children in narcotics" are only confusing the issue. The two former examples of free enterprise are not, I'm told, normal features of American life; they can hardly be laid at the door of the Administration and they are no concern of ours as America's closest military ally. The present case is. How can a Secretary of the Army be doing his duty, if at one and the same time he penalises such as successful military operation and interferes with a custom so traditionally a part of officer training? His present narrow and restrictive attitude calls in question the qualifications of most serving officers in, I suspect, most armies. British military students I've asked tell me there has never been a military examination in which "improper outside assistance" has not played its part. And do we not honour our own Generals all the more for their success in overcoming their natural and personal disabilities which, without outside assistance, would have presented almost insuperable obstacles to most of their careers? Indeed it is difficult to see where the Generals of the future are to be found unless they can be drafted straight from Hollywood, without having their natural talents squeezed out of them in the repressive machine of West Point.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

I found aesthetic satisfaction during my two years in the Army . . . in marching past in slow time to the poignant cadences of "Let Erin Remember."—*The Times Educational Supplement.* (R. F. Leslie.)

Granting a decree to a wife at Swansea Assizes, Mr. Commissioner O. Temple-Morris said her husband wrote her a letter which should not have been sent to a dog.—*News of the World.* (P. Barlow.)

A man, operated on at a Darlington hospital, had in his stomach: Hay, bits of metal and porcelain, a razor blade, a file, stones, a pin, 4½d., a football coupon, matches, a hair-grip, a key, nails, a pair of dividers, a pen nib, a knife, and a double-six domino. He recovered.—*Daily Express.* (T. Wynter.)

Roaring sequences of bloody sea battles; quieter moments of love and sickness in the captain's cabin. —Films, in *What's On In London.* (P. Saper.)

Women like war. Joan of Arc ran one herself and drove us out of our own French territory.

Put women out of Parliament this election, and we shall have peace.—Letter in *Sunday Express.* (N. D. P. Wingfield.)

How Sincere is Russia?

WHEN the question is asked whether Russia wants peace, one or two points ought to be considered. Until a year ago, Russian political philosophy clearly distinguished between "imperialist wars" and "just wars." Mao's military victories over the American-equipped armies of Chiang Kai-shek were hailed with immense enthusiasm in Russia. Similarly, whatever the exact circumstances of the outbreak of the war in Korea, Russia, to say the least, condoned the North Korean invasion of Southern Korea and gave the North Koreans every moral support even when it had become too dangerous to give them more tangible help. It is highly probable that one of the lessons learned by Moscow is that, with present methods of warfare, even those wars that Russia regards as "just" are no longer "justified," since they are apt to end in a general destruction of both the liberators and those to be liberated. The unspeakable tragedy of Korea, and the immense danger the Korean war presented, at various times, to world peace in general, must have made Moscow revise its easy and singularly romantic theories about the inevitable victory of "just causes" amongst Asiatic and colonial peoples. Moscow's standoffishness in the Iranian dispute has been very striking; hardly a word has been said about the "Iranian people's struggle against British Imperialism" in the Russian press, which has been content to quote from various Iranian newspapers and to discourse on the rivalries between British and American oil interests. It has also been extremely careful not to breathe a word about Russia's own interest in those oil concessions in Northern Iran, which were—cavalierly, so Russia thinks—denied her in 1946. "No entanglements" seems to be the present line in Iran.

Russia's apparent readiness to leave Iran carefully alone; her willingness to restore the *status quo* in Korea, her feeling that the pursuit of Viet Minh's war in Indo-China, however just, may lead only to new complications—all this suggests that, in Russian eyes, the real purpose of the Big Power conference which Moscow seeks will be to draw some kind of demarcation line between the two worlds, even if it means leaving some of Russia's friends in the lurch. Quite apart from the possible "demarcation line," Russia would strive to reach an agreement on China and Formosa, on the elimination of the more threatening American air bases, on the disarmament of Germany and Japan, and so on. The Western Powers would be in a good position to demand in return the most serious guarantees of security; for Russia seems now in a mood to bargain.

Nothing is easier than to pooh-pooh all Russian talk about "peaceful co-existence," and to say that the ultimate objective of Soviet policy is the spread of world Communism; but, in the Soviet view, such co-existence, even over a very long period of years, is possible *if it happens to suit both sides.* Though it obviously suits America's allies, the great question, from the Russian standpoint to-day, is whether it really suits America—and here the Russians seem to have very grave doubts, since, to their minds, the encirclement of Russia and China with a chain of bomber bases is to-day proceeding more rapidly than ever.

If the theory of "inevitably victorious just wars" is now discarded after the grim lesson of Korea, any thought of military expansion should logically be abandoned by Russia. For all wars, even "civil wars" are apt to become wars of total destruction in local terms, just as every war and even any uprising—which may somehow be attributed to Russian influence—may become a global atomic war. Though less vulnerable than Britain or Western Europe, Russia would still want to avoid such a war at almost any price, and she sees the gravest danger of war breaking out in 1953, whether America's allies want it or not. Where, she asks, is the evidence today of "expanding Soviet imperialism?" In the Russian view, places like Japan and Formosa are, clearly, intended for American attack, not American defence. The Communist bloc, however, would seem to have "enough to go on with." Highly characteristic in this respect is the prominence given in the Russian press to a speech like that of Liu Shao-chi, the Chinese Communist leader, who declared in Peking, on July 1, that the task of building the new China is one for "several decades," with a feudal order still in force in large parts of China, and with still only 5,800,000 Communist party members for the whole of China, of whom 2,700,000 are in the armed forces. He added, of course, that China was "very conscious of America's attempt to wreck the work of the Chinese revolution"—a sentiment borne out not only by MacArthur but also by some of Mr. Truman's associates like Mr. Dean Rusk.

Even more important than the very long-term planning for converting China into a Socialist country is the sense of a continuous improvement of living conditions inside Russia itself. With this, of course, the Russian press constantly contrasts some decline in material conditions in Western Europe—a point not altogether convincing in some cases, but not unconvincing in others. A well-placed Western observer of Russian conditions, who recently returned from Moscow after three years there, emphasises two points that are very striking to anyone who knows the country well—the rapid growth in all forms of technical efficiency and the improvement in living conditions. Hundreds of thousands of hard-working young technicians are turned out every year (among them 612,000 specialists with university standard education since 1946), and all of them are grateful and wholehearted supporters of the regime. Thus a vast army of trained technical *cadres* of the younger generation has been added to that of the older people. Though housing is very short and overcrowding appalling, building to-day is going on all over Moscow, and it is being done extremely quickly, if shoddily, by the most modern methods—a very different picture from that of only a few years ago. Outside Moscow, in the war-devastated areas, some six million houses or flats have been built in the last years.

A point constantly emphasised, not only in the press but also in private conversations, is that the vast irrigation schemes, the building of tremendous hydro-electric power stations, the afforestation schemes and the rest are all highly mechanised and are opening up boundless possibilities for any number of skilled workers and technicians, both male and female. All this is very remote from the work gangs and the pick-and-shovel stuff of the White Sea Canal and other pre-war schemes. The shortage of labour in some branches has, indeed, tended to raise wages. In public notices advertising various jobs, trolley-bus drivers are being offered 1,200 roubles or more a month; riveters and other skilled workers 1,000 to 1,600 roubles a month; book-keepers 700 to 800; typists, 600 to 700. Industrial wages in Moscow are around 1,000 roubles a month, but many earn 2,000 roubles or more. The minimum industrial wage is now about 600 roubles; and it has to be remembered how much pooling of family budgets there is in Russia, with most of the women also working.

At the official rate 1,000 roubles is equal to £90, but in purchasing power it is about £30. In addition, one has to allow for exceptionally low rents, very cheap fuel and gas, very cheap transport, medical and educational facilities, very cheap cinemas and theatres. And, most important of all, food is plentiful and, with some exceptions, not expensive. Black bread is 1,20 r. a kilo, white bread 4 r., potatoes 50 kopeks, cabbage and other vegetables are very cheap, and so are some varieties of fish; butter at 20 r. a lb is still dear, but meat, varying from 8 to 13 r. is much cheaper than it used to be. Good canteen meals are served at 3 to 5 roubles; and one can dine well—caviare, vodka and wine included—for 15 to 20 roubles in some of the second-class eating-places. As a result, many categories of workers have enough spare cash to buy a little new furniture, gramophones and wireless sets. Bicycles, motor cycles and, recently, small cars have become an additional outlet for surplus cash. People, especially the young lads and girls in the streets are well dressed. The Moscow shops are full of excellent women's fabrics, some Russian, others from Czechoslovakia; and women's hairdressers and manicurists are among the busiest people in Moscow to-day.

My informant adds:

It's a great pleasure to talk to these young Russian lads and girls—especially to the young students. Once in a while one comes across an arrogant type, but most of them are pleasant, polite and cheerful; they are earnest, too, tremendous readers, and passionately fond of the theatre —and of football matches. Life is also full of humour, some very like the old Russian humour of the classical writers, and there is more gay laughter in the streets of Moscow than I have heard in any capital in the West.

Young people in Moscow are very conscious of Russia's greatness, but they do not really think of war and seem to be oddly confident that no one will "dare" attack Russia,—though the feeling against America is very strong indeed. It is curious that, while thousands of American families feel the need to invest in $2,000 "atom-proof bomb shelters," there is not the slightest indication in Moscow of any shelters being built. There is genuine devotion among these Russian youths for Chinese and Koreans, both of whom are numerous in Moscow—soldiers, students, artists, and so on. Chinese and Korean actors, jugglers, dancers and other entertainers (e.g. the recent Chinese "Circus Gala") are an enormous success. An astonishing

number of Russians are studying Chinese and there is, among many Russians to-day, a greater fellow-feeling for the Chinese and Koreans than for any West-Europeans.

Many may think that this is too favourable a picture of Russia; but a lot of other evidence I have (as well as the progress I observed there myself until 1948) suggests that it is, in the main, correct. The country is, materially, increasingly well-off, and spectacularly prosperous *according to Asian standards* (one only has to enter Russia through Persia or Turkey, instead of entering it through Sweden to be really impressed); and the young generation is go-ahead, increasingly efficient and confident in the future.

It comes, then, to this. The Russian people have at least as much reason to fear atomic war as the people of Western Europe; they have a great deal to lose, and their growing prosperity is inspiring popular hopes which would be bitterly dashed if painfully reconstructed peace industries were switched, as in 1939-40, to all-out war production. With the Soviet Union's military expenditure, as shown in the Budget, at 80 milliard roubles (or, in terms of the real value of the rouble, under £3,000 million) it seems probable that, even if one allows for some camouflaged items in other sections of the Budget, Russia's total military expenditure, though large, is still not yet comparable with the American rearmament drive; though she has, obviously, larger trained infantry reserves than the whole of the West taken together. But no amount of infantry or other land forces can in themselves stop the unleashing of a total atomic war, and they are viewed in Russia, above all, as an "insurance," just as the atom bomb is considered an "insurance" by the West. Perhaps the most important purpose of the latest "peace offensive" is to save Russia from all-out rearmament, which would be materially disastrous, and would also cause widespread disappointment and discontent.

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Newbattle Experiment

NEWBATTLE, near Edinburgh—a pleasantly situated, haphazard mansion built on what the Puritan reformers allowed to remain of a Cistercian monastery—was bequeathed by the late Lord Lothian, together with most of the library, pictures and furnishings, "as a residence containing beautiful things for the education and inspiration of students." For two years before the war, Newbattle Abbey College had a brief life of useful work: unemployment helped to find the students. Re-opened last year, under the guidance of its Warden, Dr. Edwin Muir, the College is establishing itself as an important and unusual adult education centre.

Much of what is being accomplished can be attributed directly to Dr. Muir and his wife, Willa Muir. Assisted by three lecturers, they are breathing life into an enterprise that began as an aristocrat's deed of trust. A score of students have completed the first session. About half are returning in the autumn, when numbers will be swelled by a larger new intake. (Newbattle can accommodate about fifty, and there is room for expansion, but the simple mechanics of entry are not yet sufficiently known amongst those for whom it is designed.) In the past year the students have included a miner, two labourers, two clerks, a land-girl, a post-office engineer, a Co-op. warehouseman and others from like occupations.

This is "workers' education" with a difference. The great achievements of organisations like the W.E.A. have always been handicapped by a lack of continuous application. There was little opportunity for the man who wanted to study earnestly but had no wish to enter the rigid confines of academic life. There was no place for the postman who wanted to spend a couple of years reading philosophy and then become a postman again. He had to make do with evening classes, dotted with week-end courses which, only too often, have the appearance of social soirées, where "discussion" is chit-chat over newspaper headlines, and students are frequently middle-aged middle-class housewives whose children have grown up and left them with time to fill. Yet there exists, amongst people classifiable as "workers," a large unsatisfied appetite for the full benefits of further education. Trade unions once knew this, in the days when education was believed to have a social value in itself. To-day, the unions appear to agree with schools and universities that education is an economic grooming to fit a man for a specific job. The gusto has gone from it.

Newbattle can avoid the pitfalls of both sporadic and *ad hoc* education. There is time for gusto, for going far beyond the lecture-followed-by-tea-and-discussion state of affairs. There is leisure for a man to take full measure of himself in his transformation from labourer to student. The method of entry is not burdensome, and demands no paper qualifications. If a personal interview with the Warden shows the likelihood that a man will profit, the man's own education authority, usually the county authority in Scotland, can then provide the necessary grant. Some of the students who are leaving this summer are going on to universities and other "follow-up" institutions; but the primary purpose of the college is to offer each man as much as he can take of the subjects he is interested in. In the chilly jargon of educationists he is developed to the extent of his capacity.

Since the key to education remains in the purse, this is a tremendous opportunity for those who could not otherwise hope for education. It is harder nowadays than it used to be for a man to live on a shoe-string and pursue learning. Costs are too high, even for garrets. Of those who leave school, willy-nilly, at school-leaving age, and later desire more education, very few can achieve anything without considerable financial help. The assistance of the educational heavyweights, like the Carnegie Trust or Ruskin College, is for the few, and those who are selected usually fit into the academic scheme of things. Even so, competition is strong because bursaries are relatively few. For a man who is not driven by the competitive urge to "get on," the outlook is bleak. The postman or ploughman with a quiet scholarly mind, entirely fitted for education, but without specialised talents or the desire for a "career," has to content himself with evening classes or do without. To some extent, it is this new kind of student that one finds at Newbattle, especially the man who has become aware of his intellectual needs long after leaving school.

To take a case-history. Ten years ago A. H. left school at fourteen. Looking back to that time, it would have been impossible, he knows, to educate him further. A Council school in a depressed area awakened no scholastic enthusiasm. A. H. was one of a classroom of children, street urchins battling with authority, with more use for a bun than a book. His greatest ambition was for the security of a trade. He wanted to be a joiner, or something like that. He was unhandy at manual work, but manual work was the way of life. As it happened, he went into an engineering shop. This was probably fortunate, as the heavy industries are most politically alive; and it was through politics that he came upon the world of "ideas." His mind began to demand more of this strange food. Public libraries and political meetings were his instructors. Arguments at the bench and the street-corner were his seminars.

The war came. When A. H. was released from the army, his vague yearnings to satisfy his intellectual hunger had become a specific desire for education. He was aware of his real needs, but it was much too late for the usual approach through school scholarships and "senior secondary" education. He had no right of entry to the establishments of learning, and he had no money. Most important of all the obstacles was what A. H. calls the psychological block—a social heritage often under-estimated or ignored. When A. H. left school he was hostile to teachers; they were the agents of an ugly society. In his environment the most intelligent children became the most sly, and the most sensitive protected themselves with hard indifference. In his maturity A. H. found in himself a dual attitude to the education he desired. On the one hand, education was the resented attempt to spread bourgeois values, on the other it was a goal, dream-like and unattainable.

At Newbattle, A. H. has been reading English and History and turning in a weekly essay. He has also attended classes on economics, political theory, psychology, philosophy and so on. The custom has grown amongst the students that, as well as reading their own subjects, they attend all other lectures and seminars. It is a measure of their enthusiasm. Even those who cannot, for one reason or another, go back for a second year have covered far more ground, more zestfully, than the amiable undergraduate drifting comfortably for three years to a pass degree. And they have obtained what their early schooling took away—confidence in their individual powers.

Most of the students have an urban-industrial background. As the college becomes known, it is hoped there will be more students from rural areas. Tuition and board-residence are covered by the education grant. Students have to find their own travelling money and personal expenses, and full living expenses during holidays. Many of them are spending the summer recess on jobs such as open-cast coal-mining, where pay is good and there is a chance of salting away a few pounds for the next session. The Governors include many representatives of trade unions and other workers' organisations; but, so far, there has been little recognition that intellectual effort is not necessarily enhanced by personal penury. One small progressive union recently sent a representative to visit Newbattle, and the union is now considering a grant to members who become students. Larger unions, more set in their ways, might follow this lead. As there is no provision for maintaining families, it is impossible to accept married students. Matrimony, often dealt with scurvily enough by university grants, is a complete bar at present to Newbattle.

It is a long time since the Wordsworths came upon a Scottish shepherd who conversed in Greek. They were astounded; but then they were easily astounded, and the occurrence was not as rare as they imagined. Since then elementary and "junior secondary" education has become compulsory for all, but further education is more or less reserved for specialists. At Newbattle there is an attempt, once again, to provide advanced studies for those who want them, whatever their personal purpose or intention. It is the man who matters, not his function.

NEIL MCCALLUM

Britain's Enclave in China

THE Colony of Hongkong, like Caesar's Gaul, is divided into three parts. One small part is Hongkong Island itself, a granite peak surrounded entirely by shipping. Another part is an assortment of islands, "thrown in" with the territory obtained by Britain from China in 1899, on a 99-year lease. The third and largest part—the bulk of the Leased Territory—consists of about 300 square miles of the mainland of China. When one speaks of "Hongkong," one usually means the twin cities of Kowloon and Victoria, which face each other over a narrow strip of sea. Victoria is the capital and port of Hongkong Island, and Kowloon is on the southern tip of the Leased Territory.

In these two cities the Chinese and British ways of life meet in a feverish millrace of activity. The solid Victorian-Gothic buildings of the European quarter tail off into swarming Chinese tenements, which in turn degenerate into shanty towns, where the utterly poor have pitched their tents of rattan and corrugated iron. In recent years the Colony has acquired an American veneer of neon signs, soda fountains and movie posters. Advertisements of Coca Cola teach the visitor his first two or three Chinese characters. Beyond urban Hongkong, the peasant life of China continues its serene rhythm in the fertile valleys of the Leased Territory. Until it was realised that Hongkong might have to face a siege, this territory was neglected. Now, in addition to the traditional crop of paddy, vegetable and poultry farming is being encouraged. But even the most intensive development of the Leased Territory would not make the Colony, with its population of over two millions, self-sufficient in food. Hongkong is the last survival of an age when China was carved up like a melon among the European Powers, and it is acutely aware of the anachronism. Beneath its opulence and scurrying activity, there is a clammy feeling of uncertainty. In the American demand for a blockade of China, Hongkong senses its doom.

This threat does not recede with the possibility of a truce in Korea. The blockade derives from America's long-term policy of undermining the Peking Government. The first move in the economic war was in December last year, when the U.S. clamped down on exports of strategic material to Hongkong. The next impetus came from MacArthur, when he recommended in Congress that China should be cut off from supplies of food and medicine, and so brought to her knees by disease and starvation. This was coldly received (on strategic, not moral grounds), so MacArthur then produced his spectacular and wildly inaccurate list of war materials which, he alleged, had been shipped through Hongkong to China. Unfortunately, the British Government's detailed reply took some time to compile, and in the meanwhile the Conservatives did their best to support MacArthur on Hongkong. The Republican Party demanded a complete stoppage of Hongkong's trade with China, and the suspension of military aid to Britain if this was not done. No one in the United States drew attention to the fact that, in 1950, China's direct trade with the U.S. accounted for 23 per cent. of the total value of her overseas trade (2 per cent. less than her trade with the U.S.S.R.), while trade with Hongkong was only 15 per cent. of the total. Nor was there mention of Japan's exports of steel and tyres to China, months after the Chinese intervention in Korea.

Naturally, the State Department was only too willing to strain at Hongkong's gnat, while swallowing America's camel. The U.S. took the initiative at Lake Success and demanded a world-wide embargo on shipments of strategic materials to China. While this was being pushed through the General Assembly, Congress passed an amendment to the Appropriations Bill, prohibiting the grant of U.S. Aid to countries exporting war material to China. In the MacArthur Inquiry, General Wedemeyer and Admiral Sherman both advocated a naval blockade of China. Admiral Sherman stated that, as far as he knew, Britain was the only country that opposed a blockade. It is apparent that the "top brass" in America favours a blockade, and is held back only by the fraying leash of the State Department.

The American embargo against Hongkong and the rigid licensing system imposed by the Colonial Office have already damaged Hongkong's trade, and forced local factories to close down. But her economy has not been paralysed. The reason is that Hongkong, in spite of MacArthur and the Tories, does not subsist on selling war goods to China. On a monthly average last year, 60 per cent. of Hongkong's exports were made up of textiles, food, vegetable oils and chemicals (mainly fertilisers). In return, Hongkong gets a wide range of raw materials from China, including many items essential to Western economy. One of them is tung oil, of which half a million pounds was shipped to the U.S.A. in the first quarter of this year. Tung oil is used to make waterproofing "dope," a vital strategic item, and printers' ink—important in the Cold War. This is not the only case where Hongkong acts the broker for sworn enemies. Trade between Pakistan and India, even between Formosa and China, is conducted through Hongkong. A list of her customers in a single month reads like an atlas, ranging from the U.S. and the Soviet Union, to Oman and Portuguese East Africa.

But the biggest customer of all, both in the volume and value of trade, is China. The goods needed for China's reconstruction, and for the industrial plans of the Peking Government, are imported through Hongkong. There is nothing in China to replace Hongkong's banking and commercial machinery, or her contacts with Western industry. Hongkong is extremely useful to China. This explains why the future of the Colony has not been raised by the Peking Government—unlike the Kuomintang, which was always outspoken in its demand for the return of Hongkong. The colony, in turn, depends on China, not merely for a large share of its business, but for its physical existence. China does not have to risk a world war by invading Hongkong. A landward blockade—the logical answer to a seaward blockade by America—would at one stroke cut off her food, and destroy one-third of her trade. Internal revolution would follow swiftly. Since the war the industrial population has increased rapidly, and there are now 90,000 factory workers and 147,000 trade unionists in Hongkong. The most militant of these are organised into the Communist-led Federation of Trade Unions. Here, if need be, is the spearhead of the internal "liberation" of Hongkong.

These facts are clearly seen in Hongkong. As a conservative Hongkong journal comments: "The peculiar position of Hongkong must be considered when calling on the community here to join the anti-Communist camp." Yet maladroit efforts are being made to cast Hongkong for the role of "bastion of democracy" in the Far East, on the lines of MacArthur's Japan. Sir Oliver Franks, in a recent American broadcast, described Hongkong as an "all-important foothold of the free world on the mainland of China." This confident announcement, like a clock striking half-past eleven at twelve, ignores the fact that the type of free-for-all enterprise carried out in Hongkong has disappeared from Europe, and is in the process of being ejected from Asia. The freedom to corner commodities, to profit from famines and to build vast fortunes on cheap labour—these are the freedoms which Hongkong represents, and which Asia has learnt to detest.

Meanwhile the present-day tycoons of Hongkong are busy living down their past, with its faint reek of opium, and emphasising their service to world economy, and Asian economy in particular. They point out that sanctions against Hongkong mean literally a trade war against the rest of the world. Stripped of its false moral overtones, this is a valid argument. Consider the case of a single ton of rubber, grown in Indonesia, sent to Malaya for processing, then shipped c.i.f. to Hongkong, from where it is sold to the Philippines in exchange for hemp destined for Britain. In this transaction ships of four or five different nationalities will be involved. A blockade would wreck this complex machinery of trade, and lead to quarrels not only with Russia, but with almost every other ship-owning Power. To Asians, it would appear as one more instance of the West pursuing its own aggressive ends at their expense. Even though some of the rubber does pass into China through Hongkong and other ports, Chinese rice also passes out, on its way to the hungry areas of India.

It will be wiser in the long run not to make out any "moral" arguments for Hongkong. There is as little moral justification for a British enclave in China as for one in Persia. The truth is far more effective—that a naval blockade of China would lead to the loss of Hongkong to Britain, and would not achieve its purpose of destroying China.

J. F. STIRLING

A Question of Colour

I HAVE been carrying out a small experiment with the help of my friend O. We copied down the addresses of ten rooms advertised as "to let" outside a Notting Hill Gate newsagent's shop. O. went round and asked for rooms; I went to the same addresses twenty minutes later. His score: rooms available at two places, all rooms gone at eight. My score: rooms available at seven, a share offered at another, all rooms gone at two. An odd result; but, whereas I belong to what E. M. Forster called the pinko-grey race, O. comes from Nigeria.

A Negro to-day has the utmost difficulty in finding accommodation in London. Things are both better and worse than before the war. Better, in that more and more liberal-minded people are alive to the problem; recently the League of Coloured Peoples had eight offers from people with rooms to let who thought first of Negroes. Worse, because the Negro population is much greater, and so therefore is the number of those rebuffed and insulted. Taking together the seamen, the students, and those in search of work, there must be ten thousand Coloured people in London; in 1939 there were three thousand. The position is worse, above all, because distinctively Negro quarters, on the American model, are coming into existence to replace the cosmopolitan neighbourhoods normal before the war. Then, if Negroes congregated in Limehouse or Bloomsbury, it was largely for

choice, to be near the docks or the British Museum. Now, they are being forced into slum neighbourhoods, especially in the Cable Street part of Stepney, the region of Camden Town along the northern rail line, and the Paddington and North Kensington streets near the Great Western line. These are the meanest parts of London, inhabited mainly by the most unskilled and badly paid labourers. In addition, there are the "spiv streets" off Tottenham Court Road, though the Negroes living there are a smaller part of the ten thousand than most people think. The process of separation is in its early stages; but it is developing.

Negroes meet other abuses besides refusal of a roof. Landlords trade on their ignorance to charge excessive rents; an informant in St. Pancras estimated that 80 per cent. of the Negroes there have no rent books. If they complain, the Rent Tribunal gives them three months' tenure; then they must start the search again. Overcrowding enables landlords to get multiple rents for one room, I heard of eleven people living in a loft-like room in Stepney and paying £1 each. Other landlords run up partitions in the room and raise the rent on the plea that it is now two rooms. Repairs are done tardily, and sometimes condemned premises are let. Local authorities do their best to check these abuses; but the victim, whether from ignorance of his rights or because he prefers the devil he knows, does not always complain.

Faced with these hardships, the Negro who has money saved from his own country—or a group pooling their resources—will buy a house freehold and let rooms in it to other Negroes. For cheapness, these houses are mainly in poor districts. They seem to offer a solution. But the temptation to fresh overcrowding is great—it is hard to turn away Joe's cousin, fresh from Accra and with nowhere to go. And, above all, this is how Harlem was created.

The root of the Negro problem, however, is poverty. The Colonial with the initiative and means to come to England is likely to have been a skilled worker at home, or to have learnt a trade in the Services. When he gets here, he is imprisoned in the lower-paid jobs. Excluding spivs and professional men, there is hardly a Negro in London earning the industrial average wage. Most factory work is closed to him, as is almost all office work; some factories hire Negroes for work that most employees would refuse—in one case known to me work which produces inevitable skin diseases. Building work is available—in general, only in the unskilled grades, and only with difficulty in winter, for employers have learnt that Negroes working in the open soon fall ill. There is the Post Office, but few Negroes are more than sorters and many are put on night work. A Negro can become a docker if nominated, a tailor if he brings experience. The railways and London Transport employ Negroes, but the few who have risen to skilled or clerical jobs have been in the railways since the extreme labour shortage of wartime. The main field of employment is that uncharted swamp covered by the term "general labourer."

Take these examples. A., a Spitfire pilot in wartime, works as a shunter on the railways. B., a Warrant Officer pilot who wears the D.F.M., failed to find work when he returned to Britain and lives by selling newspapers. C. was an electrical engineer in Nigeria. He tried for nine months to get suitable work here and then signed for a voyage on a merchant ship. The result was that the Labour Exchange altered his classification from "electrical engineer" to "seaman." He became a wagon repairer's mate, but eighteen months' work in an open yard impaired his health; he left, and was unemployed for ten months. Then he returned to the railways as an oiler. He had forfeited his right of promotion to wagon repairer, and now gets less money than a repairer's mate.

Negroes complain that Labour Exchanges refuse to recommend them, fail to tell employers of their qualifications, or advise them to take jobs far from London. One Negro told me that an official asked him why he had not stayed at home; another, a qualified machinist, said that he had complained of constant rejections and been told ironically to write to his M.P. Whatever may be the substance of these complaints, the fact is that, in one London borough which has 168 unemployed Negroes, sixty per cent. of the employed found jobs without official aid.

As to wages, a Negro will get the rate for the job, at least where there is an effective trade union—though not always equal promotion rights. Working as a general labourer for an unscrupulous small employer and among unorganised workers, he will often get less. It is difficult to get precise evidence: "Wrongs" are apt to prove, on investigation, unsubstantial. But one bad case came to my notice: a Negro earned £6 a week as a cutter; the man next to him, for equal skill and equal output, took home £14. Union officials to whom I have talked agree that British workers feel no prejudice against Negroes, though in isolated cases a White worker will refuse to instruct a Coloured man. Yet employers who discriminate always allege that "the men won't like it"—just as landladies claim that "the other tenants would complain."

MERVYN JONES

Lock, Stock and Barrel

I. THE ANCIENT MYSTERY

ONE of the nicest men I ever knew was an antiquer and wormhole-borer who worked for a well-known furniture dealer with a large American clientele: he was a craftsman of integrity and a sensitive artist. His memory rose in my mind more than once during a cursory research I have been making into the past and present of the British gun trade. By which I do not mean to suggest that there is any element of "fake" in the manufacture of British sporting guns and rifles: those hammerless breach-loaders which will be out over the moors on Monday are perhaps the finest products of their kind in the world; and on them are lavished care and fine craftsmanship as loving as it is expensive. What I do report is that in no other trade save perhaps that of antique-dealing have I found so much "gamesmanship" in sales-practice, so little hesitation in making extravagant claims to a monopoly of excellence, so little regard for the staid and stuffy commercial code which bans "crying down" competitors' products.

To explain why this should be so would need more delving than lies within my province. Speculatively, one is tempted to find symbolic significance in the tale that the snaphance musket, whose invention in the 16th century may be taken as dating very roughly the first wide use of the gun as a sporting weapon, was due to the poaching proclivities of Dutch soldiery—quite at variance with the ethics of the great landed game-preservers whose tastes British gunmakers were later to serve. The flint-lock, some say, owed its birth to the anxiety of these uniformed "*snap haan*" poultry-thieves to have a firearm less easily detectable by night than a musket for whose discharge a burning match had to be carried about. Did this original Autolycan spirit tend to create an "all's fair" tradition among gunmakers? Or is it that the "mystery," for whose preservation five London gunsmiths petitioned Parliament in 1607, was always apt to have in it an element of "gamesmanship" on the selling side? Certainly the "Bishop of Bond Street" who presided over Westley Richards' London shop from 1815 to 1855 seems to have been a ripe old rascal who ran cock-fighting and other ploys as a side-line for the young sparks among his customers. Another factor—at any rate in the past—was rivalry between London and Birmingham gunmakers. London, rightly proud of the heritage of great gunsmiths such as Joseph Manton, was apt to boast of its exclusive perfection and run down all Birmingham guns. Birmingham, pointing to a local industry which dates back nearly to 1600, would retort that London makers were sometimes mere assemblers and finishers of Birmingham-made components. Even contemporary gun-making is coloured by history.

In the Minories, under Henry VIII and Elizabeth, the trade began on the basis of single-handed craftsmen, and later, in and around Birmingham, it developed the same structure. By the end of the 18th century, both in London and Birmingham, gunmaking enterprises had been started which, I suppose, should be termed "capitalist"; but these pioneers functioned as islands in a sea of backyard gunsmiths working on their own. Specialising usually in particular components—as barrel-filers, action fitters, stockers and so forth—these individualist craftsmen multiplied and flourished during the 19th century. Jealously guarding their "mystery," proud of their independence, they had their heyday during the American Civil War, when, it is related, that one "gaffer", an expert in percussion mechanism, would drive to work in two hansom cabs—the second carrying his top hat.

The Franco-German war brought another boom; but there followed the lean period of the '80s and '90s when "ragged-arsed as a gunmaker" was a simile of truth. To-day, in the Midlands, there are still perhaps 250 outworkers whose products are bought by assemblers and finishers, in London and Birmingham, of various grades. Independent and proud they still are: woe betide you if you enter their backyard shop without knocking. But in ten years they will nearly all be dead of natural causes. The business of gunmaking will then be in the hands of a few mass-production firms such as Birmingham Small Arms, and a relatively small number of "quality" gunmakers in London and Birmingham who maintain factories of modest size in which real production from start to finish, and not mere assembly, is concentrated. The future of British gunmaking is bound to involve an increasing degree of factory organisation—not necessarily, or probably, on wholly mechanised mass-production lines, but on a scale sufficient to allow for steady employment and the establishment—already undertaken by several firms of "quality" gunmakers—of schemes for apprenticeship training. Otherwise, although gunsmiths appear to enjoy unusual longevity (I met numerous craftsmen who had been working at the same bench for over half a century) the trade will die out for shortage of skilled labour.

The history of the shotgun in the form familiar today—and this holds good broadly for the double-barrelled sporting rifle—is short. It is only a century ago that Houiller, a Paris gunsmith, invented the pin-fire cartridge which led soon to the modern breach-loading gun. In 1875

came the Anson and Deeley hammerless action and, a little later, the invention of the fore-end ejector mechanism by John Needham, who was connected, like Anson and Deeley, with the old and famous Birmingham firm of Westley Richards. About the same time, W. W. Greener developed the principle of "choke" in the barrel, to regulate the concentration of pellets in the shot-charge during flight. These have been the chief landmarks. For the rest, many other gun-makers—Purdey, Holland and Holland, to name only a few—have contributed this or that improvement, this or that minor innovation or distinctive detail of design or finish.

To-day, a "quality" hand-made gun, is a costly toy: its price is at least £300, plus 33⅓ per cent. Purchase Tax. This may strike you as a *coup de fusil*, in the French sense; but the figure becomes less surprising when you learn that the making of the "action" alone may take up to three hundred man-hours, and that at least seven hundred hours of highly skilled workmanship go into the production of a complete gun. In the making of a "best" gun the process can be summarised, with some over-simplification, as follows. First, the barrels. Time was when these were welded—the handiwork of the Midland smiths who fagotted iron and steel bars to produce various figures, stub or damascus, in the metal. But by the '80s this lovely work was replaced by more efficient drop-forging of plain steel "blanks", cut to length and drilled from the solid. The 1,200 smiths who once rose in revolt against new-fangled welding under rolls are now one with Nineveh; and the producers of hand-made guns buy their barrels, ready drilled, reamered and rough-turned in carbon or other special steel, from one or other of the great steel-making firms. In "best" guns the "lumps", which hook into the action and so make the union between barrels and stock, are an integral part of the forging.

Then begins—with a minimum of machine tools—the real handicraft. The barrels are finish-turned, and the outside ground; then they are spill-bored—a job in which the operator has to attach paper wafers to the boring tool, pushing it against the inside of the barrel to get an exactitude of fractions of 1/1000th of an inch—while additional boring makes the cartridge-chamber and defines the choke. At each stage, expert eyes and hands have to ensure that the tubes are kept straight and true, after which they are brazed together, either side by side or "over and under", and joined by the "rib."

Meanwhile other craftsmen are cutting by hand out of solid forgings the "action" with its complicated tumblers, cocking levers, locks and triggers, and the fore-end which seals the union and provides a housing for the ejector mechanism. *Pari passu*, the stock—shaped in the best guns to fit the customer's personal measurement, so that its "cast-off" will bring the shooter's eye in straight line with the barrels—is being cut from French walnut. It is then joined in the rough to the action—a process on whose meticulous accuracy the life of the gun greatly depends. Next, the whole thing is "stripped", taken to pieces again, for further refinement. The barrels and mechanism are polished and regulated; the metal work engraved; and the action case-hardened by baking its pieces in what resembles a small cake-tin filled with black dust: subsequent plunging in clean water produces the blueing of the metal. After that, further regulation is needed to adjust any disturbances caused by case-hardening; and the barrels are "browned" by repeated immersion in a solution containing, usually, sweet spirit of nitre (though here is one of the makers' "mysteries") followed by heat-treatment and a plunge in boiling water. Then, assembled once more, the gun—its stock now finished, polished and "chequered" for grip—is given a shooting test and, if need be, further, final regulation.

All this, it will be appreciated, is the work of months; and the craftsmen who have to produce, largely by hand tools, "fits" so perfect that the slightest flaw is revealed by disturbance of a smoke film with which, for repeated testing, the mechanism is blacked, are no hurried piece-workers but are paid by plain time, more or less regardless of ultimate cost. The result, as I have said, is a perfect gun which costs £400 retail—over three times the pre-war figure.

For those to whom price is the prime consideration there is, at the other end of the scale, the machine-made gun, such as the single-barrelled 12-bore which B.S.A. now turn out to retail for about £18. In these works—the bulk of whose output takes the form of bolt-action magazine sporting rifles (some new models, others conversions from old)—a multiplicity of semi-human machine tools takes the place of handicraft, except in the actual assembling and, oddly enough, in the "chequering" of the stock, for which no suitable machine has yet been devised. Here production starts from the solid "blank"; brazing on of the "lumps" is done by high-frequency heat; the "action" bodies are precision cast in stainless steel by the "lost wax" process; and all the little components from screws to levers, bolts and triggers, are cut with marvellous exactitude by machine tools. Here one gets naturally a more normal flow of factory production. In the manufacture of the hand-made gun, the process is complicated for the observer by the constant stripping and reassembling, in which the production clock seems frequently to jump backwards. But in the case of both hand-made and machine-made guns there are interruptions which I have so far omitted to mention. First, after they are roughly chambered, the barrels are sent for "provisional proof" in either the London or Birmingham Proof House, and once again for "definitive proof" after the action is fitted. With the history and technique of "proof," and with the economic outlook for this old and curious industry, I hope to deal next week.

AYLMER VALLANCE

The Great Majority

It had been a good party: it ended with an argument during which I maintained that the task of the moment was to convert the Devil to Christianity; my opponent was as passionately certain that such conversion would be the ultimate disaster. I refused to stay the night, went out into the street, and saw that it was nearly dawn. After walking to the station by way of the Embankment I found there was a train I could catch at four. I went down towards the river relishing the deserted streets, the resonance of my own footsteps ringing back from the houses, and the reflection that this emptiness of the city, subtracting all practical point and explanation from it, making it beautiful, was what London was for, was its justification. I saw a policeman motionless, contemplating his boots, a faint halo about his helmet where the sky lightened behind him; and he was no more capable of spoiling my illusion by an incongruous animation than the statue of Abraham Lincoln.

On the Embankment, near Scotland Yard, was a dead horse. In that mood, I was not surprised, but stopped to look at it, grotesque and pitiful, the bones thrusting through the hide, the grey, bloodless lips, carrying a heavy and well-shaped blond moustache, snarling back from the huge, yellow teeth. There was another man watching it whom I took to be responsible for the horse, but it was not so, for when I moved to walk on he said: "Which way are you going?" Surprised and annoyed, I nodded eastward. "I'll walk with you," he said. I couldn't stop him. And at first he was not even a comfortable companion, reluctant to step out, looking back time and again over his shoulder at the dead horse, his face long and sallow in the cold mixture of morning twilight and electric lamps.

"Interesting," he said once. I did not find it so: there were a dozen commonplace explanations. But him I suddenly found interesting, for I recognised, even in that single exclamatory word, the sort of man he was: he was interested in corpses. I had met such a man during the air-raids on London, and his morbid erudition was copious; he was a Heavy Rescue worker, callous with the barely dead as he was tender with the barely living.

Past Somerset House, with the sky pale, silver-gilt behind the crazy skyline of the South Bank Exhibition, the mast-head lights of moored barges losing their sharp brilliance to merge with the day, my companion began to talk. "Dead horses," he said, rather contemptuously, "are nothing." And, after a pause, "I saw a dead elephant once." And I, who for that matter had seen three dead whales on a beach, felt from his tone that I had not made the most of it.

But his dead elephant seemed improbable. I had read once of a remote place in Africa where elephants went to die, no more improbable than that eels, in each of their generations, should cross land and water, travel I know not how many thousand miles, to congregate for fishy ecstacies and spawning, millions together, all the eels in the world in some deep Atlantic hole. I pictured that dying-ground of elephants as a sandy waste with sharp, craggy outcrops of rock, and among these the elephant dead, innumerable and similar vast skeletons, crouching, their countless tusks, in bony masks eyeless and strangely blunt without the trunk, gleaming white in the sun.

"This elephant," said my companion, "got out of its stable during the night and went and sat on the doorstep of the District Magistrate's house. Did I say this was in India? Yes, a small northern State, I was there to sell the Rajah a motor-car. It was, of course, an Indian elephant. These are, I have heard, smaller, more placable than the African, and the ears either larger or smaller. It sat down on the District Magistrate's doorstep and died without making a sound. I daresay it had been ill."

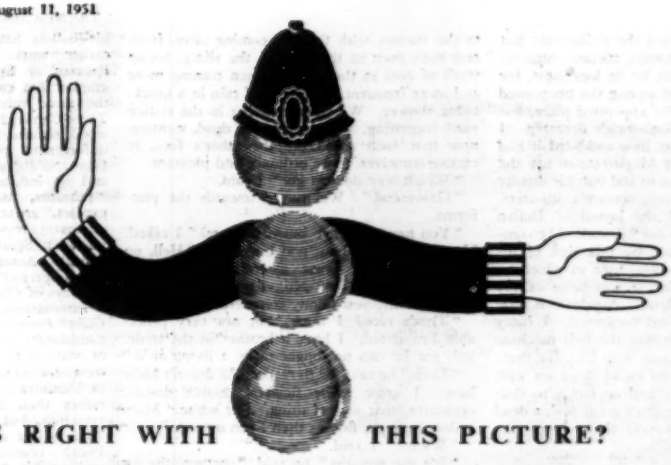
"African elephants can't be tamed," I said, God knows why.

"There was Hannibal," my man said, tentatively.

I was watching long, sharp rays of light, each drawn with clean edges, spring out of the mistiness beyond Blackfriars Bridge, nature imitating the Japanese flag. No obviously mournful booming of ship's siren sounded to start a sentimental and luxurious melancholy. I might still nurse tenderly the rough-edged fragments of the mood in which I had wanted to convert the Devil.

"It was," my companion said, "very odd, you know, to see that elephant, its name was Zemindar, sitting there, against the door, quite like a tired, fat man, bending forward, its stiff forelegs touching the ground. Pathetic, really. It's trunk hung down and touched the ground, and one of its tusks had split and had been bound with copper wire which had turned green."

I withdrew my attention from the bridge, from



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the symbol of morning, not the rising sun, but the first tram, clanging, empty, solitary, suggesting Zemindar the elephant by its loneliness, for the elephant had not died among the uncounted skeletons of its kind in the appointed place, but alone, on the District Magistrate's doorstep. I saw, with sudden concern, how awkward it had been, forcing the District Magistrate to use the back door, perhaps to pass in and out, his dignity compromised, through the servant's quarters. But I knew nothing of the layout of Indian houses. "What did you do?" I said. My companion seemed brightened by this sign of interest, cast off the lugubrious tone in which he had spoken, saying: "Oh, it was none of my business, but it was difficult. A primitive little State, you know, poor and backward. I fancy the car I sold the Rajah was the first machine they'd seen, and it was useless to him, for there wasn't a mile of road you could drive on with safety or comfort. They had no tackle to shift the dead elephant. It weighs a great deal, a dead elephant. Tons! However, there were the Peltchas, up in the Hills."

"Peltchas?"

"There was a missionary in the place, a very learned man, an anthropologist. There lived, he said, a tribe of these people not three hours over the frontier, whose custom it was to eat dead elephants when they found any."

It seemed a singular diet: I had a fantastic vision, an anthropologist's nightmare of a system of gastronomic tabu so complex that these poor people were at last confined to the one rare and unseemly food of elephant carrion, spending their days hunting the gorges, the deep steaming valleys of rank green smelling of the orchid houses at Kew, for the dead of elephants.

"That wasn't all they ate," my companion said sharply, as if he feared, and rightly, that such a claim, although a detail, would cast doubt on his whole story. He went on: "So the missionary sent a message and these fellows came swarming down from their hills and they were all over that elephant. It seems it had been in Government service, not overworked you know, fat as a goose, not more than thirty years old. Lord knows why it died."

"So the Peltchas took it away?"

"Well, no. They got all round it with their iron knives, a rough-looking crew, small, you know, not very dark really, but bearded and fierce and shy as wildcats. They got the skin off, and they cut the meat off the bones like ants carving up a blowfly, and then off they went, leaving the skeleton and the hide and that wasn't all they left. The missionary had forgotten they didn't eat entrails, none of the innards, no offal or sweetbreads for them, they were particular. So there they stayed, on the doorstep, in the sun, swarming with flies, and smelling. It wasn't very nice you know. Very awkward, dead things can be."

He was right, of course. I did not want to hear any more, did not care how they removed those enormous and reeking parts, had a vision of dogs succeeding the Peltchas, and of their unclean feast. The District Magistrate, poor man, must have had a lesson sharper than that intended by Hamlet for the lady who was to be told that though she painted an inch thick, to this favour must she come. He, though he inflict six months and a flogging for some brutal and incomprehensible crime four times a day, must remember that all his careful justice derived from just such a tangle of grey-green tubes and shapely lumps of oily matter, in nice balance.

My companion and I climbed a narrow lane and came out into Cannon Street, turned east to the station, with the day coming alive, fresh and keen even in that chasm, the sharp, sound smell of coal in the air, and men coming more and more frequent, like drops of rain in a quickening shower. We stood together in the station yard, forgetting, as I thought the dead, wanting, now that each could see the other's face, to excuse ourselves, to be ordinary and pleasant.

"Which way do you go?" I said.

"Gravesend." We moved towards the platforms.

"You have a garage business there?" I asked. He was looking about and burst out: "Hell, no refreshments. I want a coffee," and then, "Garage? Oh, I see. No. I grow flowers now, commercially, you know, commercially."

"That's nice," I said, "but not very profitable I'm afraid. I have a brother in the trade, tells me he can no longer make a living at it."

"Then," he said, "with respect, he doesn't know how. I grow *white* flowers, double daisies, crysanths, that sort of thing. But white. More orders from the florists than I can manage."

"White?" I said.

"It's the wreaths," he said, "the wreaths for funerals. Of course, you *can* use colours, but mostly they like white, specially in working-class neighbourhoods. It's more respectful. And for children's funerals, *always* white."

When I was in my train and he had his to wait for, he came and put his head in my window. "That horse," he said, adopting a confidential, almost an intimate tone. "Chap goes into a posh restaurant, he's well known there, so the head waiter comes bustling up, you know, all bows and scrapes and smiles, hopes the gentleman has a fine, keen appetite to-day. Appetite, says the chap, I could eat a horse. And . . . How about a nice rump steak, sir? the head waiter says."

He looked at me to be sure I'd got it. I had. He laid a finger on the side of his nose, but without any slyness of expression, without any expression at all, and stood there, as the train moved out, a serious, well-dressed, hard-working man.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

BALLET AT THE FESTIVAL HALL

FOR the purposes of concerts the Royal Festival Hall is the realisation of a dream of every modern convenience; as a stage for the fragile art of ballet it is not so well-equipped. The absence of a proscenium arch, curtains and wings, making, among other things, all exits and entrances difficult and untheatrical; the necessity for a permanent setting, which has to be all things to many ballets; and the wide and rather shallow stage—these are not conditions favourable to the presentation of ballet. In the circumstances International Ballet during their present season cope as manfully as possible; but it seems a pity that in celebrating, with justifiable pride, the tenth anniversary of its foundation the company should not have allowed itself the necessary luxury of a theatre.

One of the season's attractions is Massine's twelve-year-old ballet *Capriccio Espagnol*. Although a truncated version, with Massine and Toumanova, was presented at the Nijinsky Galas in 1949 this is the first occasion that the full ballet has been given in London. Some artists, like Verdi, continue to grow in artistic stature till the end of their days, while others, like Wordsworth, confine the finest fruits of their genius to a decade or so. It would be rash to place Massine in this latter category as yet, but it does seem undeniable that for some time past his ballets have lacked the inspiration of his earlier work. To Rimsky-Korsakov's most Russian of Spanish music, the great choreographer has created a ballet which bears much the same relationship to his well-known *The Three-Cornered Hat* as does the average Hollywood remake of a European film-classic to its unfortunate parent. Unlike its predecessor, *Capriccio Espagnol* does not seek to tell a story, and its indifferently conceived dances for the "peasants, hidalgos, dons and fortune-telling gypsies," are strung together like so many Spanish onions on a rope. An audience fresh from witnessing such Spanish dancing as that presented by Luisillo, Antonio and Greco is unlikely to be very impressed by this latest excursion along the by-ways of Old Castile.

International Ballet's production of Massine's *Gaieté Parisienne* can hardly be said to add very considerably to the gaiety of nations, or the levity of statesmen, but it is a better ballet, better danced, than the Spanish caprice. Mona Inglesby in Danilova's old part of the Glove-seller, is coy rather than coquettish, simpering rather than vivacious, but she dances well and with spirit. This is one of her best parts. The celebrated Polish character dancer Yurek Shabelevski, making his first post-war appearances in this country as a guest artist, did his best with the unrewarding role of the Peruvian in this ballet, but it is not a part that gives him much opportunity to display his still very considerable talents. However, his attractive and vigorous personality, together with the polish of his acting could teach a valuable lesson to this company, whose members occasionally lack the style, finesse and personality with which to present their undoubted dancing ability.

The only new work given during the season is Algeranoff's *For Love or Money*. This, to a tuneful but unmemorable score by Gilbert Vinter, concerns the difficulties put in the way of a young soldier before he wins his bride. Unfortunately the choreographer has added to his simple story many needless ramifications, which do not lend themselves to balletic translation. The result is a muddle, incomprehensible without the aid of the programme notes. The choreography lacked unity and was far too often banal to compensate for the ballet's meanderings. However, it is a first work, and the company danced it with zest. International Ballet have recently increased their modern repertory, and so can now present to their audiences more balanced programmes, which hitherto have been somewhat overweighted by a predominance of nineteenth-century classics. And this balance is important because for many people in the country this company provides their first, and perhaps only, contact with large-scale ballet. Nevertheless, before the company can become as powerful artistically as it is educationally, it will have to obtain the permanent services of an established choreographer.

With the death of Colonel W. de Basil there passes one of the last links with the great Russian touring companies which transformed ballet in the Western world during the first forty years of this century. It was de Basil and René Blum who put the Ballet Russe's house in order after Diaghilev's death, and salvaged a company out of the existing chaos. It was also de Basil who was largely responsible for the widespread popularity of ballet, and so helped to make possible, by creating the public demand, the large-scale national ballets, which later superseded his own Ballet Russe. Although between the years of 1933 and 1938 he had in his company many fine dancers and was able to produce a few works of artistic importance, he lacked the creative touch that distinguished Diaghilev's work in the theatre. And yet when Diaghilev died it seemed as though ballet was at an end; now de Basil himself has died and ballet is everywhere thriving. That, as much as anything, shows the difference between the achievements of the two men, and it could well serve as an epitaph to them both.

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G. BERNARD SHAW

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A.B. in a paper boat

It takes more than the boy with the bicycle to deliver the morning newspapers which rustle so regularly through your letter-box. Well back in the chain of production you would find Olaf Larsen†—that is, if you knew where to look for him. A likely place would be Bowaters' private docks at Ridham, serving their paper mills at Kemsley and Sittingbourne in Kent.

Larsen is an Able Seaman, a foremast hand in one of the ships which, from May to December, converge on England with decks stacked high with logs of spruce which is paper in the raw. There are many such ships chartered by Bowaters, for each separate paper-making machine needs the trunks of 10,000 trees to keep it going for one week.

Some of the widest paper-making machines in the world are in operation at Kemsley, turning out their eight miles of newsprint every half hour, all round the clock, but even that rare sight fails to tempt Larsen down the gangway. "For the engineers, yes" he explains politely. "But me, I am a sailor." The real reason is he dare not spare the time; he is working for his Second Mate's 'Ticket'. If you told him he was already doing quite a job helping to ensure the constant flow of raw material for the free press of the world he would modestly take your word for it!

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ENGLISH OPERA

"WHAT kind of porridge is this?" asked someone in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. In receipt it looked quite good: a story with strong situations, and an assurance that it was neither chamber-opera nor folk-opera, but "truly in the grand manner" (for oh and oh, how Weydon Fair and those Hardy rustics might have gone to town, pentatonically). But then was not *John Socman* in the grand manner, arias, duets and all? So what could we expect of *The Mayor*, in these days?—folksy tedium, romance rechauffé, dark symbolism or bright pastiche? What can a modern composer do who sets out to write a good old-fashioned opera with tunes, but spice them up with modern harmony, and break them up with interjectory parlando—Verdi plus Menotti?

The Mayor of Casterbridge was commissioned from 29-year-old Peter Tranchell by the Arts Theatre Trust to be centre-piece of the Cambridge Festival. And obviously, while writing his grand opera, Mr. Tranchell must have had in mind the amateur chamber performance it would get; for there is a great deal for chorus, no arias or solo scenas, nothing extended for any of the singers. Even so, and allowing for local conditions, it was appallingly sung (Miss Isabel Falkner, seller of furmity, alone showed some operatic ability), so my remarks are based also on a reading of the vocal score. It was rather promising. Hardy's story simplified into quite a good libretto (no Lucetta): best managed were the climaxes—the wife-selling, the dismissal of Farfrae, the meeting of Newson and Elizabeth-Jane; weakest (apart from the lack of solos) the clumsy transitions between one "sequence" and the next. The same was true of the music; the best writing was in set ensembles around climaxes, the three duets which made up the second scene, or Henchard's rejection by the village; the weakest the dialogue, the bridging parlando and recitative.

But *The Mayor* soon became tedious, and the reasons for that are three: (i) the lack of lyrical expansion (the love-duet, for instance, had no climax), (ii) smudgy orchestral colouring in the score, and continual, almost mechanical harmonisation in sevenths, (iii) the failure to force "character-giving" phrases, music which is not merely appropriate to, but actively helps in recreating the situation. Its main virtues are some effective vocal writing, and two and a half good tunes (one called, I think, "The dew is in the valley," is beautiful).

From wife-selling at Weydon to adultery in the North. Three hundred and fifty years ago a Yorkshire squire was living "verye suspicyouslye" with his maidservant; another servant retailed his master's domestic life in a "jig," or extended ballad, which after performances in private houses reached the local stage. In an ensuing libel action before the Star Chamber a transcript of the jig was made with indications of the tunes used, and it survives, the only complete Elizabethan jig that does, in the Public Record Office. This salacious trifle, *Michael and Frances*, was put on by the London Opera Club in the Great Hall of Hampton Court, the hall which saw the first performance of *Macbeth*. It's a dreary unsavoury little piece, and Elizabeth Poston, who arranged the music, sweetened it not at all, but added a Milhaudesque accompaniment. *Michael and Frances* was curtain-raiser to a masque by Congreve, *The Judgement of Paris*, for setting which Eccles won second prize in a music competition.

But masques, to be amusing, must be "represented by the most excellent musicians vocal and instrumental, with variety of scenes painted and contrived with no lesse art of perspective, and machines for flying in the aire, and other wonderfull notions"; and since we no longer see Royal actors at Hampton Court, our common theatres alone can afford the spectacle; for, to continue Evelyn's account, "taken altogether it is one of the most magnificent and expensive diversions the wit of man can invent." Purcell's *Fairy Queen* nearly broke the company which originally performed it, so lavishly was it staged. At Covent Garden, though the transformations cannot rival pantomime, Michael Ayrton's settings are always delightful to look at, and one piece of perspective, the temple drop-cloth, is indeed a wonderful notion. John Cranko's choreography, though inevitably anachronistic, shows great skill in dissolving and re-grouping tableaux—prime part of masque-maker's task—though rather too often he waves his dancers' arms in elementary gestures. Shakespeare's words have replaced the anonymous adaptor's, and are well enough declaimed by Sheila Burrell and David King-Wood. The score, Constant Lambert's arrangement, seems rather short; I was sorry to lose the episode of the drunken Poet, and Mopsa and Corydon; the singing, by all accounts, is better than in the 1946 production. Certainly the beautiful Margaret Ritchie, Richard Lewis and William MacAlpine (a rising young tenor) gave a good account of their parts, with Monica Sinclair, Inia Te Wiata and Michael Langdon just below them. The others were not much good. But this production of *The Fairy Queen* must certainly be counted a success.

ANDREW PORTER

THE MOVIES

"Strangers on a Train," at Warner's

Mr. Alfred Hitchcock is a fabricator: his *Strangers on a Train* is as cunning a fabrication as he has devised for a long while. The plot, thanks to Raymond Chandler and Czenzi Ormonde, is an exceptionally good one, which—thrillers being thrillers—can't be divulged. Suffice to say that it springs from the situation of two young men encountering in a train, one of whom negligently proposes an interchange of murders: you shoot my beastly papa, and I'll strangle that wife who won't divorce you. Each then, responsible for a motiveless crime, will provide the other with an alibi, murder won't out, and the sun will shine forever on an ingenious bargain. The interest of the story resides in the character of the proposer, a degenerate off-shoot of Raskolnikov. The thrills come from the fact that his "accomplice" won't play, and that his refusal lets loose confidences, threats, blackmail and murder.

Mr. Hitchcock has taken some trouble with the thrills. An amusement park stimulates his love of contrasts; into the Tunnel of Love, screaming, will disappear the flirt, tenaciously dogged by the man who is going to press his fingers round her throat. The murder, with fairground lights across water in the distance, is seen in distorted reflection—a notable piece of filming. Then comes a series of multiple climaxes. In one a tennis match is being furiously fought, detectives watch the game, elsewhere the murderer is busy disposing a false clue, and the new champion is in a hurry to be off and prevent him. It all winds up with crowds yelling, a merry-go-round out of control, and villain and hero at desperate grips among the bobbing wooden horses and rapt children. Thrills, indeed. Yet does the fabrication make us for one instant breathless? I'm afraid not. We are excited, but there is something rather empty in our excitement, as though, the penny having been put into the slot, a machine had done the rest. The laboriousness of Mr. Hitchcock may be pretty well concealed in this second half of the film (which I would certainly recommend to anyone wanting diversion during the August slump), but a shiny surface can't conceal the wheels going round and the cranks working. The simple impulse that makes *The Thirty-Nine Steps* bowl along after more than a dozen years here hardly stirs.

With Mr. Hitchcock, morbid psychology has proved no substitution for lack of zest. How slowly and pretentiously, with its train encounter, he tries to cut to the heart of a situation, and how clumsy the attempts to modulate from ironical amusement to painful participation. As screen maniacs go the Bruno of this film, quizzical, spoilt, homosexual—and vividly played by Robert Walker—never quite graduates from thriller villain to a character in his own right. The excitement has to be imported, laid on thick in Mr. Hitchcock's most expensive manner. This in the end he manages with every flourish, and a success of accidentals; and if we are left unsatisfied, and given too much time to pick apart the fat conjuror's apparatus as we go along, he still has a trick or two up his sleeve, an illusion in the grand manner.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE radio feature-writer's problem, nine times out of ten, is how to dramatise the essentially undramatic, and the problem is obviously intensified when the subject to be treated is an abstract one. There are certain stock devices by which a spurious dramatisation may be achieved. One is the mock-trial. I suggest it is time that the use of this particular device was suspended, for at least two years any rate. It reached its nadir the other day in Mr. Eric Ewens's programme *Laughter in Court*. Mr. Ewens, who is, I think, relatively new to radio writing, has written at least two interesting features in the past few weeks: in *Laughter in Court* he essayed a task almost incapable of successful achievement, an analysis of humour that should also be in itself humorous. It turned out to be intolerably facetious, as was almost inevitable when dramatised as a trial in which curates and such traditionally comic characters brought actions for defamation against a red-nosed comedian. The presence as expert witnesses of Bergson, Chesterton, Hobbes and Herbert Spencer was merely to expose the gulf between the seriousness of Mr. Ewens's theme and his jejune treatment of it, and to prove once again that humour and wit are neither funny in themselves nor things to be funny about. They are deadly serious, and in a serious examination of them, perhaps in the form of a radio version of Mr. Robert Graves's *Mrs. Fisher*, for instance, or at the level and in the manner of Mrs. Pain's science features, I can imagine an absorbing programme. *Laughter in Court* was a thoroughly ill-considered job.

What had been under-estimated was the intrinsic interest of the subject itself. It seems to me an iron law of radio-writing that the greater the intrinsic interest of the subject the more poorly it is served by trick devices of presentation and dramatisation. This was borne out yet again by Mr. Charles Brewer's feature *Wilson of the Antarctic*. This was an admirable programme, a straightforward rendering, mainly through quotations from the books and journals of Cherry Garrard, Scott and Shackleton and from the biography by Dr. Seaver, of a most remarkable man, a man who had the right, from the nature of his own life and personality, to admire St. Francis beyond any other human being. And it was successful because everything had been subordinated to the single aim of showing us Wilson.

The new play in the Third, Mr. A. W. Dodd's *Before Auction*, was an oddly uneven piece of work. A mixture of fantasy and realism, the fantasy, in the form of a conversation piece between articles of furniture in a room before a sale, was original and delightful, with a charm of poetic fancy that one finds in some seventeenth-century verse. But the fantasy was embedded in conventional psychological melodrama. It was interesting to hear how much more convincing as an expression of the clockiness of clocks, was Mr. Cecil Troucer than was Miss Catherine Lacey as a guilt-obsessed woman. Miss Lacey's was certainly the more difficult role, because no real character had been created and she had to struggle against the turgid, repetitive, essentially undramatic language the author had put in her mouth. I would now like to hear the fantasy scene by itself, for it could well stand alone and seems to me to represent Mr. Dodd's true vein. Mr. King Bull's production was very good indeed.

Mr. Richard Murphy's talk, *Narrative Poetry Today*, was enjoyable and stimulating, an excel-

lent analysis of the decay of story-telling in verse, with sensible suggestions of possible ways of a return to the form. But it would have been greatly improved if he had been given another twenty minutes. In a talk on poetry reference to specific poems is not enough; one needs quotation all the time. WILLIAM SALTER

British Abstract Art, at Gimpel Fils

Abstract art has now acquired its own mystique and the movement has many points in common with a fervent religious sect. It is based on an exclusive exaggeration of just one aspect of the truth; within it, there is much energy but little discrimination—the intelligent disciples hang beside quacks; people talk of *conversion*, while the sceptic, attacked as a conservative, remains sceptical on the dreary but sound basis of common sense. Shapes can in themselves express certain abstract qualities—violence, peace, conflict, movement, etc. But the significance of these qualities, unless they are somehow related to the outside human world of experience, intention or fact, remains incomplete. Only those abstract works, which have been conceived in relation to a particular architectural setting or are based upon some deliberate and thoughtful logic (e.g., certain Ben Nicholsons), achieve a limited completeness. They then share the sense of purpose implied in the building or implied in the human capacity for thought itself. This show of ninety pieces is far more comprehensive than the recent one at the A.I.A. It includes pleasant, intelligent work by Turnbull, Ben Nicholson, Barns-Graham, Peter Kinley and others, but also a lot of nonsense: canvases on which housepaint has been *poured*, elaborated personal doodles, party-game collages and lurid semi-surrealist paintings resembling the more obscene plates in medical textbooks. These works have broken down so many conventions that they have destroyed the convention of art itself. If they have any decorative or evocative value—and the surprising fact is that many of them are even badly designed with weak shapes and banal colours—it is hardly more precise than that of litter in a wire basket or coals in a grate. But go to this exhibition; don't be too hasty—the sculptural construction, called "Head" by Turnbull, has, for instance, more sense in it than is at first apparent; and then judge for yourself whether the movement has become a heresy—which is to say an interesting half-truth which threatens the stable but constantly developing main tradition.
J. B.

Les Ballets des Champs Elysées, at the Cambridge Theatre

Is some strange virus infecting most of the world's choreographers? Is this the explanation of the plethora of bad ballets that has been thrust at the London public this year? If it is so, there is certainly no sign of the disease's abatement; Ruth Page's *Impromptu au Bois*, for the newly reconstituted Les Ballets des Champs Elysées, is almost as bad as the worst. It misses the dignity of the superlative largely by its possession of a moderately witty and urbane score by Ibert. The silly story, concerning highly improbable amours in a Park, could have been the basis for an amusing ballet, but it needed a generous sprinkling of champagne to give it life. Instead it got a dousing of the most ordinary *vin ordinaire*. The work's abundance of clichés was in no way compensated for by its lack of fluency. The dowdy setting and costumes by the distinguished designer Wakhevitch do not add to his reputation.

The rest of the programme was far better. Although the company has not quite the same vitality as it had when it first startled London five years ago, considering the ups and downs of its career its repertoire appears to be in a surprisingly workmanlike shape. The two Petit ballets, *Le Rendezvous* and *Les Forains*, were given performances which were at least faithful to their original conceptions even if a little of their pristine magic had evaporated. The company now possesses many very gifted dancers and an excellent *maître de ballet* in Algaroff. It needs only a choreographer, immune from that universal infection, to direct and inspire its efforts, for it to recapture the high position in European ballet which it held in the past. C. B.

Correspondence

MR. MORRISON AND *PRAVDA*

SIR,—Your mention in last week's London Diary of Mr. Morrison's article in *Pravda*, especially concerning the Russians' knowledge of conditions in the rest of the world, prompts me to recount some of my own recent experiences as a Russian-speaking member of a delegation from the National Union of Students which spent three weeks in the U.S.S.R.

We spoke to many students and a few workers, mainly in Moscow, but also in Georgia and the Ukraine, and were principally struck by their complete ignorance of life outside their own country, their appearance of happiness and their confidence in their own Government and, above all, in the "great friend and father of the people, Stalin," whose photographs, busts and statues appear everywhere. We found them very pleasant, ready to be friendly and intensely curious about our conditions of life. Conversation often began with some question as this: "Isn't our Metro (underground railway) wonderful? Is yours anywhere near as good?" Or, alternatively, "Are your streets as wide as ours and is there as much traffic?"

Limited as our knowledge in England of Soviet affairs is, it is encyclopædic by comparison with their ignorance of affairs outside the U.S.S.R. Many Russians know some English, quite a large number of them reasonably well. In Universities and Institutes it is the favourite foreign language. They know, too, a great deal about our literature, at least that of the 19th Century—a great deal more than we know about their language or literature. Dickens, in particular, is very popular, both in the original and in translation: he is regarded as the standard authority, not only on Britain, but on America to-day. The fact that they know virtually nothing of the literature of the last forty years would not be so striking were it not for their very considerable knowledge of books of the Victorian age.

Although they receive all our technical publications, which are freely available to students, our newspapers are quite unobtainable by ordinary people. True, we saw a two months' old copy of the *Daily Worker* on an open shelf in Moscow University library and, after a lot of persistence, we were shown six- and eight-month-old issues of several other British papers in the Lenin library. A few people, presumably offi s and perhaps some chosen journalists, must see some newspapers in the course of their work, but nobody else ever sees them, even if they know English.

Several times I heard people criticising the *Voice of America*, *Free Europe*, and occasionally the B.B.C. European Service. Each time I asked the speaker when he last heard these programmes and on each occasion he admitted that he had never heard them, but had read about them in the papers! On the other hand, several people confessed to having heard the B.B.C. Scottish Home Service.

On the subject of Dickens, I had one conversation with an educated man, which went something like this:

"Dickens," he said, "was a good author, wasn't he?"

"Yes," I replied.

"He told the truth about conditions in Britain, didn't he?"

"Yes, the truth about conditions as they were when he lived, but don't forget that he died about eighty years ago."

"Yes, that's what I said, so conditions in Britain are as he says."

"Not all all," I said, "I've just reminded you, that he died eighty years ago. You claim to have made some progress in that time. Well we have, too."

"Oh, but you can't have done, yours is a capitalist country!"

It is not, therefore, surprising that in two places students quoted the Eatanswill by-election to us as being typical of modern elections; that they believe that British workers live in hovels and are ground under the heel of the capitalists; or that they are unaware of the existence of our health service or that we have free and compulsory education. The director

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of the Moscow Medical Institute, for example, read us a homily on the virtues of the Soviet health service which, he said, being free to everyone, was mainly concerned with preventive medicine, whereas in Britain doctors were only concerned with filling their pockets and were therefore at pains to keep their patients ill for as long as possible.

In view of this utter ignorance of conditions outside their own country, it is only to be expected that the people regard every improvement in their lot as something wonderful. The general impression we got in the street was of smiling, chattering people. The one thing which obviously worries them is the danger of another war. The peace campaign has nowhere taken such a hold as there. The people are firmly convinced that they are "working for peace"—though signing peace appeals is about all they can do about it—and equally firmly convinced that the whole of the rest of the world, particularly the United States and Winston Churchill, are warmongering. We were, therefore, repeatedly asked what were we, as students, and as individuals, doing in the fight for peace, and what was our attitude to the American aggression in Korea.

We were struck by many obvious developments—the grand new Moscow University building, skyscraper blocks of Government offices and the oft-quoted marble palaces of the Metro, but, on the other hand, housing conditions in the city are appalling, and precious little is being done about them. The rate of housebuilding per head of population in Moscow is still, on the most optimistic estimate, rather less than half that for London. One lady who showed us her home, repeatedly stressed her pleasure at its spaciousness. She and her husband and child occupied one room in a newly-built, small, four-roomed flat which they shared with two other families of the same size.

We remarked that to our minds the emphasis was in the wrong place—would it not have been better to concentrate on housing and making do with existing office accommodation or a purely utilitarian Metro? Our hosts' response to this was that everybody saw the Metro, but only the family that lived in it saw its own home.

To me, the most depressing feature of the Soviet citizen's attitude to life is his credulity of anything he reads in the press and his naive and unquestioning enthusiasm for his Government. One of our hosts, as we were passing through some of the worst slums I have ever seen anywhere, informed me, quite inconsequently, that Moscow was the only slumless capital in the world! What then, I asked, were those except slums? There was no reply, but our guide went on to describe housing in Britain as though Industrial Revolution conditions were normal to-day, quoting as his authority a recent article in *Pravda*. When I laughed and asked him whether he believed everything he read there, assuring him at the same time that conditions really were no longer as he imagined them, he seemed genuinely horrified that I should doubt his authority and asked me if I did not know that "Pravda" meant "truth."

Greenford, Middlesex. GEORGE C. SEMMENS

RUSSIAN VISITS

SIR,—Critic, referring to the recent Quaker mission to Moscow, asks why we did not stress the importance of opportunities for individual visiting between the U.S.S.R. and the West and of exchanges of students between Soviet and Western Universities. We did, in fact emphasise these points. In an informal interlude in the conversations with Mr. Malik we welcomed the increase in the number of delegations going to and coming from the U.S.S.R., but went on to say that in our opinion one delegation going to the Soviet Union manifestly not composed of Communists or near-sympathisers was worth a dozen or more of the other kind where real peace-making and the development of a true Soviet-Western understanding are concerned. And we repeated that we were more interested in the possibilities of free individual visiting than in organised delegations. We were told, of course, though not by Mr. Malik, that the Soviet Union, with vast problems of post-war restoration and development on its hands, was not equipped to receive large numbers of tourists or even, on a large scale, individual visitors with special professional interests. We were not satisfied with this reply, but there is certainly some substance to the point our Russian friends made. Even we in Britain are hardly fully prepared for the large number of tourists from abroad we profess to want to see. The Russians would be infinitely less prepared for a large influx of visitors, even if they had the desire to receive them. GERALD BAILEY

Cloverlea, Bramley,
Guildford.

LOST KEY TO PEACE

SIR,—In a speech at Detroit on July 24, the American Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, outlined U.S. foreign policy. It was the familiar argument of "world strength as the key to peace." He stated:

> Whether or not there is peace in Korea, whether our adversaries are cooing like doves or growling like bears, our job remains the same. The threat we face remains the same. The tactics of the Kremlin are flexible and may change from season to season. But so long as its power is of threatening proportions, and so long as it does not show a willingness to work for a stable and peaceful world, the danger to us remains.

We may justifiably ask how we are to recognise a Russian "willingness to work for a stable and peaceful world"? Mr. Acheson will not accept as criteria for such willingness "cooing like doves," "peace in Korea," and a "flexible policy" (which one might in innocence suppose to mean "co-operative at times"). He virtually says that, whatever tactics the Russians try, they are *prima facie* dishonest. We must go ahead with rearmament whatever the Russians do or say; but, paradoxically, we cannot relax until their "willingness" for peace is demonstrated. This sorry thinking makes one despair of negotiated agreement and a slackening of tension in the world.

The Foreign Secretary on the following day said once again that we must not relax our vigilance until we had proofs of a Soviet change of heart. How do we recognise such proofs? Peace campaigns seem to be no good. So what is to be evidence of this? It seems, according to Messrs. Acheson and Morrison, that we will only have proof when Soviet power is no longer of "threatening proportions." Might an innocent ask for a definition of "threatening proportions"?

Acheson argued that we do not need to match the Soviet armies man for man, gun for gun, since our mission is to deter, not to attack. But he also said we had not reached a safe deterrent level. At this very moment, even on the most extravagant estimates of Soviet forces, America can put an army into the field not far short of the Russian army in numbers, and one would suppose that atomic and hydrogen bombs are about as good a deterrent as anything we are likely to find.

It is high time we had explicit definitions of these flamboyant but important phrases: "Safe deterrent level," "willingness to work for peace," "threatening proportions of Soviet power." Otherwise there will be no stopping point before total war.

7 Clement Place, PETER TOWNSEND
Cambridge.

GENERAL CLAY

SIR,—Having become accustomed to good sense on American affairs in your journal, I was not a little startled to read, in the issue of July 7, Mr. Peter de Mendelssohn's panegyric on General Lucius Clay. I do not take issue with the description of the General as a man of "professional skill" or "intelligent" or "smooth and swift in thought." However, it is a little difficult to understand wherein General Clay is "boldly dialectical" or "has Europe at his fingertips," except in the sense that every American military commander these days may have some of Europe, or at least some Europeans, at his fingertips. There is, of course, little reason to doubt that the General does indeed comprehend and get along very well with the Adenauer breed of German leader, but this is perhaps not so much traceable to a special insight in psychology, diplomacy, or history, as to the fact that American Southern gentlemen and German Rhenish gentlemen are, language and superficial mannerisms aside, not so very far apart in their thinking.

In the years 1947-1949 I was engaged as a war crimes prosecutor at Nuremberg. While, therefore, I was a part of General Clay's command only indirectly, I did have the opportunity to observe how and to what ends the Occupation was employed. Along with other accomplishments, one must credit the General with successfully conciliating German sentiment by suppressing, as far as possible, unpleasant, "punitive" activities such as decartelisation and denazification, with insuring a proper continuity in the order of economic exploitation, and with nurturing German reaction in its every polite form—all this achieved without the loss of a bubbling Southern sense of humour.

It is a gross distortion—unpleasing to General Clay, I am sure—to suggest, as Mr. de Mendelssohn does, that the General is opposed to German rearmament. The rearmament is a most certain and desired consequence, indeed the very definition of that German "equality" which General Clay long ago sponsored in word and deed. As an examination of the passage ("slick but never glib") which Mr. de Mendelssohn quotes will indicate, the General looks kindly upon a well-integrated form of rearmament at least.

Perhaps "it is time we stopped abusing soldier-politicians," if they alone "grasp the meaning of this old, poor, and confused little continent with which, and for which, America must live, because without it, it would die of loneliness. . . ." Perhaps, however, your reviewer will grant less acute observers of the European scene the right to oppose the "impression of organic inevitability and inherent, unassailable logic" which General Clay has created for knowledgeable people, and even the right to refrain from living for the bright new libertarian Germany created in the General's image (or Admiral Sherman's Spain, or General van Fleet's Greece).

63-65 110th Street, WALTER J. ROCKLER
Forest Hills, New York.

DIVIDEND FREEZE

SIR,—Your attack upon the Government's proposals for the statutory limitation of dividends will be read with great delight at the Conservative Central Office and may well do serious harm to Labour's election prospects.

A record number of resolutions sent in for this year's Labour Party Conference have called for "legislation on profits," "the limitation of dividends," or some kind of action on profits, and every trade union conference this summer has also called for effective action on profits. There were many who expected that statutory limitation would be introduced with the last Budget in view of the way in which voluntary limitation broke down last autumn. The Government has now decided to act; and all it gets is a spit in the eye from THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

The new policy is likely to occupy a fairly prominent place in the forthcoming policy statement. The *Daily Express* on July 30, and *Time and Tide* and the *Spectator* last week-end, all recognise that it would provide Labour with an admirable election issue. The Tories were eager enough to fight for their profits in the debate on the Budget, but they do not like to talk too much about profits in public or welcome dividend limitation as an election issue. They do not seem to like the idea of fighting an election in defence of their dividends; and as well as embarrassing the Tories the new policy provides an issue which could unite the Trade Union leadership and the supporters of Mr. Bevan.

It is suggested that the new policy is not likely to do very much to reduce the cost of living. The point is, however, that it is likely to reduce pressure for wage increases and prevent an inflationary spiral of wages chasing prices which would lead to a substantial *increase* in the cost of living. It will help to stabilise the cost of living; and is likely to be effective in this, apart from its direct effect in reducing personal incomes from dividends, in proportion, as trade union leaders think there is a chance of its becoming permanent.

Nobody is likely to get very excited about a temporary delay in the distribution of record profits. Company directors are already talking about the possibility of setting up special funds for distribution to shareholders in three years' time and ordinary shares are rising in value after their sudden fall on July 27.

But permanent limitation is a very different matter

and it is the long-term possibilities of the policy that are important from a Socialist point of view. From the point of view of the shareholder its effect would be very similar to that of nationalisation. His return on capital would be effectively limited; he would get a reasonable return but no more. Ordinary shares would no longer appreciate in value as they did after the last Budget, and speculation on the Stock Exchange would become a thing of the past. The ordinary shareholder himself would benefit in that he would be less likely to have to pay an excessive price for his shares and then suffer capital loss when anticipated dividends were not maintained.

At the same time permanent limitation would increase incentive and productivity because more funds would be available for distribution in incentive payments to workers and managers. Any measure which helps to "secure for workers by hand and brain the full fruits of their industry" helps to increase incentive. More also would be available for capital development; funds could be allocated to such development instead of dissipated in excessive dividends.

The problem of making dividend limitation both statutory and permanent is, of course, a very complicated one; but it is not, I suggest, an insurmountable one. There will doubtless be a good deal of discussion of the problem within the Labour Movement during the next three years. After all, we shall, in four years' time, be celebrating the introduction of limited liability in 1855; and when limited liability was first introduced the Christian Socialists argued that, if the liability of the investor was to be limited, then his return should be limited, too.

PAUL DERRICK

Cold Ash, Newbury.

THE POLISH TANKERS

SIR,—I have just read with some astonishment your leading article on the subject of H.M. Government's alleged "breach of commercial contract and violation of treaty" in requisitioning two tankers ordered by the Poles from British shipyards.

In your anxiety to brand the British Government as treaty breakers, you appear to have overlooked the fact that very important British properties were seized by the Polish Government in 1946 and that to date not one penny piece has been paid to the British owners of these properties by way of compensation. Moreover, despite the Polish Government's solemn undertaking in Article 17 of the Trade and Finance Agreement of January 14, 1949, to which you refer, to pay certain quarterly sums into an account with the Bank of England commencing with a payment of £400,000 last March, a second payment of £250,000 having become due in June, these payments have not been made and there is every indication that the Poles will continue to default.

Presumably, on the principle of "turning the other cheek," you think we should accept all this and let the Poles continue to enjoy the fruits of our labour and enterprise. But, if somebody took the vegetables on your allotment and, when challenged, refused to pay for them, would you complete arrangements to sell him your lawn mower if you found that after all you needed it badly yourself?

28 Tranquil Vale, S.E.3. JOHN COOPER

[In his justification of the Government's action Mr. Ernest Davies denied expressly that it was taken in reprisal for the Polish default under Clause 17, and claimed that the needs of Defence override Treaty obligations.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Although it may slightly weaken the force of your argument, I trust you will permit me to correct a statement in your article on the Polish tankers which is not quite in accordance with historical fact.

The two warships seized by the British Government in 1914 were under construction, not for the German Navy (Germany had been building all her own warships from about 1890 onwards), but for a South American republic, i.e., a neutral Power.

The requisitioning of a *neutral's* property by a belligerent for purposes of the latter's defence is legally a question altogether different from the seizure of *enemy* property. Again, the requisitioning for Defence purposes of property of a "friendly State" in times of peace (however unstable) is a novelty for which there seems to be no precedent at all. It would be interesting to see the matter taken to the International Court at The Hague as a test case by the Polish Government. BENJAMIN CARR

25 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

THE PAKISTAN TRIAL

SIR,—In a world in which so many acts of injustice are being perpetrated it may seem frivolous sentimentality to draw the attention of your readers to a case involving the fate of only a few persons. However, we feel that what has come to be known as the Rawalpindi Conspiracy Case raises sufficiently important issues to merit the attention of all who are interested in the preservation of human rights.

The case, which is now being tried under conditions of unprecedented secrecy by a special tribunal inside the jail at Hyderabad (Sind), has been compared to the Reichstag Fire Trial by the opposition press in Pakistan. But the comparison is unfair—to those who staged the trial of Dimitrov and others. For even Hitler permitted public hearing of the Reichstag case, with free access to the world press, which was in no small measure instrumental in rousing the conscience of the international public. The authorities in Pakistan, however, are not allowing any publicity at all. By a special law passed retrospectively, appointing a special tribunal to hear the case, they have not only deprived the accused of the right to trial by jury, and appeal, but ensured that the outside world shall know nothing as to the precise charges against them or the evidence on which they might be convicted. Even counsel for the defence who, incidentally, can be engaged only after permission from the tribunal, are brought within the purview of the Officials Secrets Act.

What are the reasons for this extraordinary secrecy? The Prime Minister of Pakistan, at the time the first arrests were made, invoked reasons of national security; and that plea has been repeated ever since by Government spokesmen. More than that, sensational charges have been made in public with the obvious intention of creating prejudice against men who are not in a position to defend themselves against these allegations. It is difficult to see why a Government which claims (and rightly) that it enjoys the loyalty of its people, should be so reluctant to trust its public with the evidence.

We are not concerned with the validity, or otherwise, of the (substantially undisclosed) charges, nor with the political opinions of those under trial. The relevant question is the right of individuals to fair and open trial with all due facilities for organising their defence —a right explicitly recognised in the United Nations declaration on human rights in the drafting of which representatives of Pakistan took an active part. We feel that only the widest possible public pressure on the Government of Pakistan can ensure that this fundamental right is not denied to those under trial in the Rawalpindi Conspiracy Case.

MUNIR-UR-RAHMAN
IQBAL SINGH

FAIR SHARES IN ELECTRICITY

SIR,—Your contributor, Douglas Power, in his article on electricity supply, seems to have been led astray by his own ingenuity. I think that the fallacy of his argument is shown immediately by his phrase "people want more electricity." They do not, they want less. It is far cheaper to heat a room with coal, especially during a frosty spell, than with electricity, and many an aged person huddling miserably over a one kilowatt bar would be glad to dispense with electricity altogether if coal were available. This is borne out by pre-war experience when there was a free choice.

Hence from the national point of view I consider that capital should not be used negatively in providing ripple controls, but positively in providing more solid fuel. The stuff is in the ground, and we must devise means of getting it out cheaply in solid or even in gaseous form, or we shall go under as an industrial nation.

To attack the present peak-demand problem I would suggest:

1. Urge people to save their coal for the cold spells.
2. Encourage industry to use back-pressure generation, by devising an attractive tariff scheme.
3. Encourage industrial consumers who installed generating sets in the 1947 crisis to use them fully in the winter by a bonus on under-average consumption.
4. Encourage thermal storage heating, an old-established technique, by low charges for off-peak heating, controlled by a cheap time clock, not an expensive ripple control.
5. Encourage the development of the so-called heat pump, which in effect replaces most of the heat taken to waste by the power station cooling water.

Finally, we must have the vision to get on with long-term schemes such as the Severn Barrage, for whilst electricity cannot be stored easily, it is easy to store water to deal with peaks which recur twice a day.

J. P. LISSIMORE

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Books in General

*Chéri** is one of the small masterpieces of the last thirty years. It was written in 1920 when Colette was in mid-career as a severely self-tutored novelist not content to rely on her originality as a person or her early ingenuousness as a writer. If the French produce a large number of trite novels by sticking to the set subject and the correct limits, their classifications enhance the unique talent. Even a foreigner, who has inevitable difficulties with Colette's very individual style, with its nuances, its overtones, its archaisms and bits of patois, can remark the progress that lies between the early Claudine novels and the accomplishment of *Chéri*. The problems before the translator are insoluble and I am sure Mr. Raymond Mortimer is right when he says, in his warm and instructed preface to the new translation of *Chéri* by Mr. Roger Senhouse, that these difficulties, even more than her almost local Parisian world, and her role as a "specialité," have kept Colette from the English reader. He quotes one mind-cracking sentence :

> Rompu à une gymnastique d'impassibilité, il s'occupait à subir le capricieux ravage en possédé digne de son démon.

And the dialogue is even trickier, but Mr. Senhouse's use of period words and slang seem to me quite fitting in an Edwardian book and he escapes the usual fault of mixing up the colloquialisms of two or three decades. My only criticism is a mild wish that all translators would leave forms of address like "*mon vieux*" and "*cher ami*" untranslated. "Old man" may be correct but cannot fail to jar in the Avenue Henri Martin. But the main thing is that Mr. Senhouse has caught the precise, dry shimmer, the brisk yet heart-fluttering rustle of Colette's prose. The complete Colette, which the publishers plan, is in good hands. How well French literature has been served in the last thirty years by English translators!

Chéri has become the classical statement of the case of the aging mistress and the young lover. It owes everything to being placed in the world of the fading Edwardian *cocottes* where the flesh has its reasons which reason cannot know. Conventions as gripping as those of respectable provincial life rule the lives of these rich but now discarded purveyors of beauty and sexual self-regard. Dulled by love they improve their huge, tasteless houses, reinvest their savings, gamble shrewdly on the Bourse, plan the marriages of their accidental children, deflate the pomp of one another's memories and consider the wrinkles, the slackening shapes of each other's bodies, with the disillusioned eyes of prize cattle who win prizes no more. Among their extraordinary furniture they sit, drinking brandy, playing cards and a good deal of the time silent. They do not read. Their lack of conversation is almost momentous ; their bitchiness is shrewd, polished and scabrous. The one sign of spirit is their brilliant ability to spy upon another ; the one sign of virtue that they cling together as the old must. For released from the one discipline of their lives, the rule of the fashion house and beauty parlour, they have slumped into a life which can give them no friends outside their own circle. The life of love has cut them off from the world. A Victorian English Sunday was dramatic, even exhilarating in comparison with a Sunday with a woman like Madame Peloux at Neuilly.

In this society Madame Peloux's son, Chéri has grown up, brought up by servants, unschooled, spoiled, neglected, precocious, as sharp and long-headed about money as his mother. He is a male beauty, but developed so fast that, at seventeen, he is in danger of being a little old man. With his expensive cars, his horses, his occasional nights out, his mind empty to the point of innocence, Chéri is a petulant child of the seraglio and a born cad, until Léa, one of his mother's enemies, takes him over. As the last emotional exercise of her life, she decides to "make a man of him." The strange thing is that Léa succeeds, because she becomes a mother-mistress and is a woman of vivacious and strong character. She has the stamina of the prudent and exacting peasant. Chéri is restored to health, and Léa, at fifty, falls in love. This love affair with its almost pedantic self-indulgence is the one illuminating thing in their lives, though it is entered upon on her side, in the full, practical knowledge that it can be managed only for a few years ; and upon his, with the animal wilfulness of youth that has all time before it and hardly cares what it is doing. When the break comes, when Madame Peloux arranges the inevitable, well-endowed marriage with the daughter of another rich tart, Léa and Chéri part with the appearance of friendly affection. But only with the appearance. For Chéri has known secure love for the first and only time in his life, and Léa has to prepare like a tragic general for the long siege of old age. Slowly she watches herself turn into one of the unsexed female monsters of her unappetising world, bound to the inexorable society of Chéri's mother and her speechless, sleepy, tippling, back-biting Sunday afternoons ; while Chéri watches his marriage go flat until war rescues him and his wife from it.

Chéri ends with the brilliantly written scene of the false revival and end of Chéri's affair with Léa ; and the sequel, *The Last of Chéri*, is set after the war, when disgusted by the corruption of the life in which he has been brought up and also by post-war society, he becomes like a ghost living upon an impossible memory. Finally—in the rather tiresome literary convention of the period—he shoots himself. It is the only bad page in the book.

As a picture of spiritual lassitude, as a social and moral judgment on the first novel, this second one is a precise nightmare, but the handsome Chéri has a little of the tedium of his own shallowness in it. "Extreme beauty," as Colette says "arouses no sympathy." Its tragedy is its self-sufficiency. Has he, one wonders, become rather too moral for his nature as we have been shown it? The excellent figures are still the miserly, aggressive, raucous mother with her alcoholic hysteria and her sharp practice ; and, above all, Léa now changed from an autumnal beauty into a muscular old woman of the world with slabs of fat on her neck and a back like an ox. She sermonises in clichés. Colette's new mastery is now shown in the portrait of Edmée, Chéri's young wife. We judge the novelists by their ability to show the effects of time upon their characters, and here Colette has often excelled. Edmée had been simply a shy, ignored, overwhelmed child at her marriage. She had been pretty bait put out by a courtesan mother, determined to keep young. Edmée and Chéri were essentially orphans, as she says, of the *demi monde*, victims of the life of pleasure. (They are, of course, little different from any rich, respectable bourgeois pair. Wealth and pleasure are, in a sense, crimes that have been done to them.) But, once hardened by the failure of marriage and released by the opportunities for work which the war has given to women, Edmée turns to power instead of love. The tart's daughter in almoner's uniform

> was not exempt from a secret contentment, a self-satisfaction which revealed her true nature. Something outrageous radiated from her soft outlines. Some tell-tale glow betrayed the woman bent on "arriving" who up till the present had met only with success. . . . Careful as she was not to shock anyone, those who still retained their native shrewdness, by instinct or lack of education, were shocked by her all the same, as if by a second-rate race-horse, or a jewel that looked too new. The servants, as well as Chéri, were frightened of something in Edmée, whom they guessed to be more vulgar than themselves.

It is a hard judgment but never does Colette allow herself to forget the normal class to which her people belong.

These precisions of the worldly Colette come from the melancholy that lies behind the vivacity of her temperament. They are the habit of mind handed down from generation to generation in French writing, part of the French feeling for the milieu of each human act, thought or feeling, so that the relating of one thing to another seems to be the essence of the Latin genius.

In the foreground is Colette's personal quality. She is, as Mr. Raymond Mortimer says, the expositor of the life of the senses, and that is not only the life of the eyes, but of taste, smell, hearing, touch as well as sight. We smell the drying year, we hear or smell the August rain upon the trees before we see it ; she feels the changing air of a day's motoring by her skin, and the approaches to Paris are felt before they are seen. Léa and Chéri are bodies knowing each other by those silent apprehensions of the senses that precede the movement of the mind ; she has the animal's quick appraisal of place. She has brought the submerged life of the body to the surface, its strange pleasure and oppression in itself. The body is the tablet on which the cipher of time is secretly written every hour. Such a pagan acquiescence, unmerciful but grave, has rarely been conveyed by modern writers. Her scenes of sexual perturbation are really, I think, unsurpassed even by Maupassant when he is writing well, for the gestures of her

* *Chéri* and *The Last of Chéri*. By Colette. Translated by Roger Senhouse with an Introduction by Raymond Mortimer. *Secker & Warburg*. 10s. 6d.

Delphi

Napoleonic Warfare

The Russian Revolution

Glasgow University

In its August issue HISTORY TODAY makes its first expedition into the Classical world. Dr. Charles Seltman's essay on DELPHI (to be concluded in the following number) gives a learned yet lively picture of one of the holiest and most ancient of Greek sacred places, and discusses the importance of the famous Oracle both from a religious and from a political point of view . . .

Other contributions include articles by Leonard Schapiro on the Russian Revolution, G. H. Le May on Napoleonic Warfare and the Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P., on Glasgow University.

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EDITED BY PETER QUENNELL AND ALAN HODGE

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

lovers are accomplices in their own love, not in the vicarious desire of the author.

We are formed in the hours when we hardly know we are being formed. In Colette's warm but discreetly limited mind the flower, the animal, the human being live together in sensuous design. The observation of diurnal happening is extraordinary and marvellously conveys the strange hold that the tedium of life has on us. We feel the hours are our true "familiar spirit," the indissoluble intimate. But this marking of lost hours is not an occasion for the imaginative sensibility such as one sees in another very feminine writer like Virginia Woolf. Colette's pagan mind never leaves the surface of life, never ceases as it were to touch the skin; yet the effect is not trite, nor arid. It is moving. She has the direct eye of an older civilisation. In one of his eulogies of her writing André Gide remarked two qualities which have been preserved by her directness: she had somehow escaped those bosomy outbursts of the super-ego that have so often marred the work of women writers; and again, living on the edge of the Bohemia of the Paris newspapers, music halls, cabarets and *demi-monde*, she had not been contaminated by their vulgarity or their sentimentality.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE SURVIVOR

To die with a forlorn hope, but soon to be raised
By hags, the spoilers of the field; to elude their claws
And stand once more on a well-swept parade-ground,
Scarred and bemedalled, sword upright in fist
At head of a new undaunted company:

Is this joy? to be doubtless alive again,
And the others dead? Will your nostrils gladly savour
The fragrance, always new, of a first hedge-rose?
Will your ears be charmed by the thrush's melody
Sung as though he had himself devised it?

And is this joy: after the double suicide
(Heart against heart) to be restored entire,
To smooth your hair and wash away the life-blood,
And presently seek a young and innocent bride,
Whispering in the dark: "for ever and ever"?

ROBERT GRAVES

EPISTEMOLOGY OF POETRY

Across the long-curved bight or bay
The waves move clear beneath the day
And rolling in obliquely each
Unwinds its white torque up the beach.

Beneath the full semantic sun
The twisting currents race and run.
Words and evaluations start.
And yet the verse should play its part.

Below a certain threshold light
Is insufficient to excite
Those mechanisms which the eye
Constructs its daytime objects by:

A different system wakes behind
The dark, wide pupils till the mind
Accepts an image of this sea
As clear, but in an altered key.

Now darkness falls. And poems attempt
Light reconciling done and dreamt.
I do not find it in the rash
Disruption of the lightning flash.

Those vivid rigours stun the verse
And neural structure still prefers
The moon beneath whose moderate light
The great seas glitter in the bight.

ROBERT CONQUEST

TROLLOPE'S LETTERS

The Letters of Anthony Trollope. Edited by BRADFORD ALLEN BOOTH. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Too much should not be claimed for these letters; they are not likely to lead to any revaluation of Trollope; perhaps they dot a few i's and cross a t or two, but essentially they tell us nothing of their writer that we did not know before. Compared with Thackeray's, for instance, their interest, both literary and biographical, is tepid. Professor Booth uses the apt word when he calls them "functional," and it is a pity that, having said that, he then goes on to over-rate them by implication, by depreciating greater letter-writers. That Professor Booth finds "sardonic trivialities" in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "egoistic didacticism" in Chesterfield, "petty gossiping" in Walpole, "occasional petulance" in Gray, lack of sincerity in Byron, and Cowper "tinged with pale femininity," does not make Trollope, who lacked these dreadful vices, any the better letter-writer. The great letter-writer creates his own world as surely as the great novelist; had nothing of Thackeray's fiction, for instance, survived, his letters would still be enough to show him a man of remarkable and absorbing personality.

It is hard to imagine anyone not interested in Trollope gaining any profit from this volume. Functional must be the word, and at least three hundred of the 931 letters in the collection are so severely functional that even Professor Bradford, than whom there is no more ardent Trollopian, finds himself constrained to synopsise them in tiny type. And there is no reason in the world, of course, why we should be disappointed that Trollope was not a great or even an especially good letter-writer. It would be altogether too much to feel aggrieved because the fox-hunting civil servant who got up at five in the morning to write his novels did not rise at four in order to practise an additional art. But there is another reason why Trollope was the least likely person to be distinguished as a letter-writer. Of all the English novelists he strikes one as the best adjusted to the society in which he found himself. It was not that he was ignorant of himself; the *Autobiography* is enough to disprove that. But we feel that there was no discrepancy in him between the persona he habitually wore and the private self beneath; and that is very rare. The public man was the man himself. Certainly there is nothing in the letters to contradict this view. He was that convenient fiction, so uncommon in life, the normal man; and one is tempted sometimes to think, at any rate as one surveys the poets and novelists, that he was the only one who ever put pen to paper. He found his emotional satisfactions in the conventional forms of social intercourse and social activity. These, we tend too often to forget, are in essence ritualistic: they affirm, even when their setting is the green baize table in the cardroom, man's solidarity with man, man as the social being whose very existence depends on other men. For Trollope, then, riding to hounds, attending public dinners, playing whist at the Garrick, were perfectly natural forms of self-expression. Such men do not need to write letters, letters, that is to say, other than business letters or letters when they are away from home. The wonder is, that he wrote novels; and here he was lucky in his age, that he could see himself not as an artist but as a merchant supplying consumers' goods.

The emphasis in his life was on the practical and the social, and so is the emphasis in his letters. Emotion finds its expression in action, often in ritual action. He feels warmly towards G. H. Lewes, for instance; he supplies him with cigars and uses his influence to get Lewes's son into the Post Office. But emotion is never openly expressed, except in conventional terms, or in the form of good advice. The most moving letters in this collection are those written towards the end of his life to his son Henry Merivale Trollope, a freelance writer and translator. And they are moving simply because the emotion that is plainly there is rendered by "objective correlatives" of the most practical nature: help with doubtful passages in translations, advice on how to deal with publishers and editors, organising his election to the Garrick, and so on.

For the rest, these letters may be regarded as an addendum rather than as a complement to the *Autobiography*. They reveal the generous, downright, irascible, warm-hearted man shown there. He defends himself, in a very amusing letter to Thackeray, against the latter's charge of indecency against him, in a story rejected by *Cornhill*. He is unfailingly and charmingly gallant to ladies, even when, like Mary Holmes, they are plainly bores. He writes, in terms of the most impressive respect and admiration, to George Eliot. He advises Thomas Hardy on the disposal of his literary property. The business man giving nothing for nothing and exacting his just price, he stands no nonsense from his publishers. And all the time the work of writing goes on. He is an able and industrious Post Office official, he is the editor of a monthly magazine, he is a director in a publishing house. And all the time the work of writing goes on. He travels, to America, to Australia, to South Africa, to Iceland, in Europe. He scorns the French, finds Cape Town "a poor, niggery, yellow-faced, half-bred sort of a place." He denounces conscription:

> My feeling is that a man should die rather than be made a soldier against his will. One's country has no right to demand everything. There is much that is higher and better and greater than one's country. One is patriotic only because one is too small and too weak to be cosmopolitan. If a country cannot get along without a military conscription, it had better give up—and let its children seek other ties.

He neither under- nor over-values himself; he knows his own worth. He is a truly admirable man, the epitome of common sense. And he goes on writing to the end.

WALTER ALLEN

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE

Photobiography. By CECIL BEATON. *Odhams* 18*s.*

The Younger Sister. By GODFREY WINN. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Posterity will owe a great debt to Mr. Beaton. He has fixed, and even sometimes improved, for all time most of the numerous beauties of the past thirty years and, if they will forgive the term, what whoppers they have been! His photographs are as distinctive as, say, the drawings of Thurber: the master's hand is instantly revealed. Perhaps the word photograph, which smacks still of the head beneath the black velvet and the wrinkled woodland background, does little justice to what are real creations of his own: in many of them it is the face and form of the sitter that interest us least, though when Mr. Beaton has a subject like Miss Greta Garbo ("the face of this century") he does not confuse the issue with elaborate trappings or magical effects.

Mr. Beaton in his *Photobiography* uses, as in his previous books, a pen as sharp and faithful as his lenses and his prose deals as effectively with his sitters. He was present on a unique (one hopes) occasion, the final preparations for the Windsor marriage, and his account of its strange happenings reads like an amalgam of *The Young Visiters*, early Evelyn Waugh, and a devout Bishop's nightmare: the improvised altar draped with a coffee-coloured tea-cloth ("the one we bought in Budapest") and its candlesticks borrowed from the dinner-table ("Wallis cracked: 'Hey, you can't put those there now'"): the Duke ringing up the British Embassy and asking for a Crucifix: the priest who was to marry them, "a comic-looking little man with a red bun face": the happy pair photographed against a pink satin counterpane: a Cockney maid supplying the Duke with an imitation carnation: Mrs. Simpson perusing her anonymous letters. It is impossible not to be fascinated by these macabre details; fascinated and slightly shocked.

Mr. Beaton is particularly good on his early days with the camera, and those of us who can-

not even click a simple daylight likeness of a friend without double-exposing him on to the West front of Exeter Cathedral can take heart: Mr. Beaton has also decapitated subjects with imperfectly understood view-finders and given his trousers a sudden acid-bath during developing. His sisters Nancy and Baba were tireless (almost) sitters and they had much to endure: they were rolled in gold tissue ("Baba looked perfect and kept more still than usual"): they sat sideface, obligingly reading the family Bible: Nancy appeared as a bride in bath-towels and marguerites ("My Kodak was snapping away overtime"): Baba dressed up in sheets as a nun: they even consented to efface themselves and move a motor-rug slowly behind a time exposure of Mrs. Beaton, sumptuously medievalised, in order to achieve a remarkable background effect. Many of these youthful photographs are reproduced in this excellent book and reveal astonishing talent and taste.

Beauties crowd the pages. There is a ravishing Dietrich, a sultry Swanson, an enchanting Wynyard, beparasoled and in a hammock. But perhaps the most arresting picture is that well-known one called *After The Raid*, the one of a little girl taken in a hospital bed. She sits up, clutching a doll and staring gravely at the photographer. She has a look that is not easily described: it is part horror, part amazement, part despair. That, in a different sense, is the face of this century and it breaks your heart to look at it.

Mr. Beaton devotes a chapter to the photographing of Royalty, and Mr. Godfrey Winn has the Royal family, and Princess Margaret in particular, as his sole subject in *The Younger Sister*. It is a book that one approaches gingerly and then reads with mounting embarrassment, despite the considerable tact which Mr. Winn displays. It is a lush and loyal account, liberally laced with saccharine and dotted with clichés and infelicities. It is cosy and chattery and will mean a lot to those, doubtless many, who wish to know about the Balmoral tea menu, the games of canasta, the selection of the Royal wardrobe and other personal matters. The flavour of the book is perhaps best shown by an extract: it concerns the elder sister.

> It was an evening in July, warm and still, and there was a dance at Apsley House. . . . That night another kind of history was made, for at midnight we who were the guests of Lady Serena James heard as we danced beneath the candles in their great wrought sconces that an engagement had just been announced. . . . There had only been one dream for her, ever since she had visited Dartmouth with her parents and a tall, fair boy like a young Viking had rowed out to sea after their yacht, waving them out of sight.

The style is that of the gossip column: "Although the wide Grecian forehead of Lord Dalkeith's sister is a frontier for the best feminine brain of any young member of her world I know . . .", etc., etc. The content is occasionally reminiscent of Barrie on an off-day: "On the head of every child on the day of its birth I sometimes think the mother sets three crowns." And there are moments when one sometimes thinks that Mr. Winn has really gone too far in naïveté and the banal:

> It must be a curious sensation for someone to hear the proud, oft-reiterated cry that an Englishman's home is his castle when, as in Princess Margaret's case, two of her own five family homes are, in actual fact, real castles.

It is a tribute either to Mr. Winn's skill or to the vigour of the subject that a strong and individual character does manage to emerge through the carefully arranged gauzes and the sorry writing, and there is at least one happy moment: the two Princesses are discussing the price of the stalls at the pantomime in which they appeared at Windsor:

> Someone had suggested seven-and-sixpence. . . . The Principal Boy was horrified. "We can't possibly charge as much as that," she exclaimed. "Nonsense," broke in the Principal Girl, "they'll pay anything to see us."

The black-and-white photographs (not so the coloured) are delightful and it is a handsomely produced book. Its cost is twelve shillings and sixpence but its value must remain a matter of opinion.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

BROWSING IN DEEP MEADOWS

The Oxford Companion to the Theatre. Edited By PHYLLIS HARTNOLL. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

Readings on the Character of Hamlet. Compiled By CLAUDE C. H. WILLIAMSON. *Allen & Unwin.* 45*s.*

These two enormous and highly-priced volumes will, by their titles alone, attract the avarice of many who are interested in the theatre. But how is one to decide whether they are worth buying as a possession instead of merely being consulted, as many people will be doing in succeeding years in libraries? Those who are near a bookshop will take them down and glance through them. For those to whom the shops are inaccessible, let me make the same sort of tests. First, the *Companion to the Theatre*. Gauge its scope and plan by flicking over the leaves. Puppets, Ozerov, Oehlenschlaeger, Moscow Arts Theatre, Metastasis, Jesuit Drama, Holberg, Ford, Fleck, Fenn, Ponsard, Petipa, Szömöry, Stage Door. Well, yes, it seems comprehensive. It is arranged, like its sister companions, in what I regard as the by no means ideal shape of an encyclopædia, with entries varying from two lines to fourteen columns, printed two columns to a page measuring eight hundred and eighty-eight pages. So much for scope. To test the quality, open it at random. Pages 624 and 625.

The tail end of a three column article on Poetic Drama (not very much you may think compared with Jesuit drama, which rates eleven columns). "The Mercury Theatre's successful productions . . . Ronald Duncan . . . Anne Ridler . . . Dorothy Sayers . . . Christopher Hassall . . . Christopher Fry . . ." Wot, no Eliot? Ah yes, a one sentence mention back over the last page. "*Murder in the Cathedral* and *The Family Reunion* are notable for their fine poetry." Hmm, not very adequate. Who is it by? The initials at the foot of the article can be referred back to a table at the beginning. A Mr. Herbert Cahoon, of New York, it seems. Never mind. What's next? Three-quarters of a column of POGODIN. You've never heard of him? A Soviet dramatist, "one of the outstanding figures of the Soviet stage . . . most famous play *Aristocrats* . . . but even in this play Pogodin had not yet succeeded in making his characters individuals rather than types, nor in evolving his action credibly from within rather than imposed from without . . ." Grammar no less shaky than judgment naïve. What would have happened to a Soviet dramatist who did? On to a column for POISSON, "a family of actors who served the French stage during three generations," beginning with Raymond (c. 1630-90), "an excellent comic actor in spite of a slight stutter," down to Francois Anould (1696-1753) who, "excelled in valets and heavy humorous characters, and inherited Raymond's stutter." Next twenty lines for POLIZIANO, an early Italian dramatist, and the same for POLLARD, an English comic actor, who flourished in the first part of the Seventeenth Century. POLUS, the most famous Greek tragic actor of the Fourth Century, rates two lines. The entry POMPONIUS bears only a cross-reference to Fabula (1) Allianus. PONSARD, the Nineteenth-Century French dramatist, "whose somewhat frigid neo-classical plays came as a relief to a public wearied with the excessed of Romanticism," claims three-quarters of a column, and carries us over to the following page, which happens to contain the unusually large number of fourteen entries. Five of these are notes on dead actors, three on actual theatres; while the last is the beginning of a column article on theatrical posters, carrying us on to the next page again where eye happens to catch POWER (1), Tyrone, who turns out to be the grandfather of POWER (3) Tyrone, who "was playing with Katherine Cornell in *St. Joan* when he was offered a contract with Twentieth Century Fox. He has since had a distinguished career in films." I like distinguished.

But once the eye starts happening to catch, one has swallowed the bait of a book like this, and one can no longer help oneself. One has embarked on browsing, and browsing is one of the most insidious forms of laziness. Enough anyhow has been gleaned to realise the plan and to note that facts are better done than the judgments. And if one has been struck by the numbers of actors, playhouses and so on, the Editor offers as her principle of selection:

> The emphasis has been throughout on the popular rather than on the literary theatre. More space has been devoted to melodrama and music hall than to comedy and tragedy. . . .

You may gasp a little at this, but at least you have been warned. Miss Hartnoll goes on:

> In short this is a companion to the playhouse, and is meant for those who would rather see a play than read it. . . . This accounts for such entries as Boulevard du Temple, Burlesque, Gaff, Haupt- und Staatsactionem, Music hall, Vaudeville, Zarzuella, and for the number of minor dramatists, low comedians and obscure theatres that lie cheek by jowl with Shakespeare and Aristophanes, Kean and Irving, Drury Lane and the Comédie Française.

The reasoning seems a little odd to me, especially as to those minor dramatists. And it hardly explains the eleven columns on the Jesuit drama, or the fourteen on the Negro in the American Theatre as against, say, Ibsen's two and a half, Shaw's two, and poor Pirandello's mere half. Still, incomparable browsing.

Browsing, too, is the best way of avoiding irritation with the 783 pages of Mr. Williamson's *Readings on the Character of Hamlet*, a mere selection, he tells us, from all that has been written on the subject. Doubtless that is true, but his principle of selection is not so clearly stated as Miss Hartnoll's and, indeed, it escapes me. On the very first page, for instance:

CHATTO

THE DIVIDING OF TIME

ELIZABETH SEWELL

'She accomplishes her baffling transitions from one world to another with a certainty of touch and a beauty of language that are often startling.'
Edward Shanks *Daily Graphic*

10s. 6d.

AUDEN

RICHARD HOGGART

A full length critical study of one of the most influential living poets, including an analysis of the social, religious and scientific background to his work. *12s. 6d.*

& WINDUS

> To the Duke of York's Playhouse . . . and saw Hamlet, which we have not seen this year before or more; and mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted.

Readings on the character of? Or is space really worthily or interestingly taken up with this rubbish, a complete entry from a certain Mr. Simons (c. 1844):

> The sudden growth of Hamlet from boyhood to middle age opened the eyes of the dramatist for the first time to the exquisite beauties of the character as a moral study. The poet lead the way to the philosopher, as perhaps he does always—and the task before him, subsequently called for the co-operation of both (*sic*).

Shakespearian criticism certainly produces some of the more spectacular specimens of idiocy, and an aptly named F. Looney, in an extract where he is proving that Shakespeare is really Edward de Vere, solemnly assures us that "Hamlet is not a Catholic saintly type," which at least can be argued to be a reading of Hamlet's character, of a kind. That is more than can be said for too many of the extracts; and one is left wondering whether the principle of selection isn't, after all, bulk for bulk's sake. If this compilation had been about one-third of its present length, it would have been valuable, with its comments on Hamlet by everyone of importance (and no importance) from Addison to Yeats. As it is it is a browsing pasture of very varied quality.

T. C. WORSLEY

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT

Reflections on the Constitution. By H. J. LASKI. *Manchester University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Shortly before his death in 1950, Professor Laski delivered the Simon Lectures at Manchester University. In these lectures, now published for the first time, he discussed the House of Commons, the Cabinet and the Civil Service, and this volume thus contains the final comments of a great political scientist and the only Socialist who has yet entered the first rank of analysts of the British Constitution.

It is inevitable, since much of the subject matter is alike, that this book should invite comparison with *Parliamentary Government in England*, which appeared twelve years before. The earlier book, it is true, was much wider in its scope and more elaborate in its detail. But it is perfectly fair to set the general conclusions of one against the other, and the contrast is instructive. In *Parliamentary Government*, Mr. Laski was writing in the Age of Appeasement. He saw the rise of Fascism in Europe paralleled by a decline in democracy in this country, not only through such legislation as the Incitement to Disaffection Act and the Public Order Act, but also through the contempt which the successive "National" Governments were bringing upon Parliament through their insistence upon using it as a means to protect Property at all costs. From *Democracy in Crisis* onwards, he had insisted that, if the Labour Movement sought to use democratic institutions to attack capitalism, then capitalism might prefer Fascism to capitalist democracy. For this reason, *Parliamentary Government* was a deeply pessimistic book. Each element in the State was examined, tested against these quasi-Marxist criteria, and the conclusion was reached that its survival was threatened by the onset of social crisis. In this new book, the tone is different. It was written as a Labour Government was reaching the end of five years in office. And, despite the argument that parliamentary government is still neither secure nor perfect, it has a buoyancy which springs from the fact that Parliament did weather both Neville Chamberlain and Adolf Hitler, and did prove much more adequate to the purposes of a majority Labour Government than Harold Laski and other Socialists had thought likely in the 'thirties.

It follows from this change in emphasis that the assumptions of parliamentary government and the theory of State are much less deeply probed in this book than in its predecessor. I do not suggest that Harold Laski, in 1950, was rejecting the thesis of 1938; indeed, there are passages in these lectures in which he reaffirms it. But he is much more exclusively concerned with the machinery of government, and with the light thrown on the working of that machinery by the experience of the last ten years. He seems more convinced that "the real alternative to the House of Commons is the concentration camp"; he argues effectively that most modern criticisms of its procedure—and he deals specifically and in detail with those made by Mr. L. S. Amery—are invalid; and he insists that party government is still the safeguard of liberty and the assurance of responsible administration. In a sense he is conservative. He has no patience with political tinkers who wish to put elaborate patches on the Constitution. Reforms it may need, but it does not need a House of Industry, a Cabinet system radically revised to fit Mr. Amery's idealisation of the Lloyd George War Cabinet, or the alternative vote, or any one of half a dozen other nostrums. With such schemes Harold Laski was always and notably impatient, and capable of buttressing his impatience with sharp logic.

Sometimes the logic is too sharp. Mr. Laski argues, for instance, against the evils of excessive centralisation and urges that some form of devolution is required to restore the prestige and effectiveness of local government. But he is so anxious not to whittle down the paramountcy of Parliament, by which the Constitution must make or break, that he dismisses such a proposal as limited self-government for Scotland as an intolerable sentimentality, without seriously examining either the social or the political case for it.

He does, however, make a number of valuable suggestions of his own. I think he makes his case for a greater measure of parliamentary supervision of nationalised industries, by means of permanent committees of the House with statutory powers of enquiry. There is a somewhat similar argument for a closer association of the House with the conduct and course of foreign policy. His proposed change in the structure of the Cabinet is moderate, and workable where the pattern fits the personalities concerned, as he himself concedes. His plea for a more prodigal endowment of research, of libraries, of travel for civil servants and employees of public boards, is rightly accompanied by the insistence that part of the function of government is properly to prepare for the future as well as to minister to the needs of the present. But, by and large, in 1950, Harold Laski seemed convinced that not only will Parliament prove adaptable to the demands our age makes upon it, but that it is far more suitable to our purposes than any alternative he knew. That, for him, was the constitutional lesson of the events of the 'thirties and the 'forties, which he weaves into the last political commentary he wrote.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Hutchinson's

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Professor V. de S. Pinto 7*s.* 6*d.*

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A STUDY IN 18TH CENTURY LITERARY THEORY
R. L. Brett 15*s.*

University Library

LOST PARADISE

The Year of Sweet Illusions. By HANS CAROSSA. Translated by Robert Kee. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fiction, goodness knows, is an elastic enough category: Woolf and Wallace, Huxley and Hornung—all these are (for want of a better word) classifiable as novelists. But at least the Novel is, in the last analysis, an accepted art-form, with its own rules and limitations—vague and unsatisfactory though these may be. (It has even been defined—"*Une fiction en prose d'une certaine étendue.*") The dissertations of Professor Godbole, in *A Passage to India*, had a way of always culminating in a cow; similarly, almost any discussion of the Novel is apt to culminate in Madame Bovary—who at least, though one may be a little bored with the lady by now, does provide some kind of touchstone for the critic.

Autobiography, on the other hand, has no touchstones at all; it is a kind of literary no-man's-land, uncharted and without definable frontiers. Its boundaries march, sometimes, with those of fiction—they may even overlap, as with Proust or Joyce; but the world of the autobiographer remains, to a great extent, unreclaimed territory—very few people have explored it with any success, for in this particular country of the mind there are no fixed landmarks, and the traveller must, so to speak, hack out his own path through virgin jungle. Autobiography, in fact, though it is the easiest kind of writing to do badly, is perhaps the hardest to do really well.

I don't think anyone would claim that Herr Carossa had written one of the world's "great" autobiographies: but his achievement is respectable, and since (to quote Carossa himself) "the type of man with which it is concerned is largely becoming extinct," his work has considerable period interest. The present volume is the third of a series, and deals with the writer's first year as a medical student in Munich at the turn of the century. The narrator emerges as a naïve somewhat priggish youth, in whom a rather *voulu*, typically German passion for poetry coexists uneasily with a rigid self-dedication to the medical profession. The hero is, I think, less interesting than the background against which he moves; the descriptions of student life in Munich in the late 'nineties are fascinating: Carossa writes with gentle irony of the Nietzschean aftermath, that curiously dotty intellectual atmosphere which, combining as it did a portentous seriousness with an extreme naïveté, helped to make possible the Germany of 1918. There was, for instance, the cult of illness—to be a true genius one must be ill, preferably epileptic, though Nietzsche's syphilis or Verlaine's dipsomania might provide alternative models. Herr Carossa was too commonsensical (though only just, one feels) to fall for such nonsense: instead, he discovered French literature—Flaubert and Maeterlinck—and involved himself in a curious, abortive liaison with a Munich governess whose particular *bovarysme* it was to persuade others (and perhaps herself) that she was of French nationality. There are some excellent portraits—the poet Dehmel, for instance, and the rather terrifying Emerenz

Meier; but Carossa is at his best, I think, in his evocations of the countryside—Lower Bavaria and the Danubian shore—which he knew and loved as a child.

Yet for all its merits, the book doesn't, it seems to me, have quite the impact on the imagination which one feels it should. Carossa states his intentions clearly enough in the opening paragraph: "If apple trees become extinct," he writes "and only one solitary, rather insignificant pip were left in the whole world, what would one do with it? Dissect it, examine it under a microscope and preserve an exact description of it for posterity? Or trust to luck and put it in the ground . . . ?" Carossa decides to attempt both: he will analyse the stuff of that extinct way of life, yet, at the same time, "would prefer it to sink unanalysed . . . into the hearts of my friends, and would like to hope that it will there begin to germinate."

It is, perhaps, a tall order: and I think the book falls, though not disastrously, between two stools. It remains, for me at least, a careful essay in nostalgia, a *recherche du temps perdu* which never finally recaptures the lost paradise. The seed, in fact, so carefully planted, doesn't quite germinate. One is moved by isolated incidents—the narrator's attempt, for instance, to assuage an old man's terror of the after-life; yet one is too often irritated by that vague, rather sloppy pursuit of the *Ewigkeit* which mars so much of German literature. Here, for instance, is the young hero speculating about the moon:—

> The scientist follows its movement and measures the height of its mountains. For the poet it is a soft mysterious light which illuminates his verses. . . . To the pious it is a tumbledown chapel on the way to the heavenly cathedral of eternity. *Perhaps for a soul searching for independence it has some special significance.*

This last sentence (italics mine) seems to me just downright silly—a typical bit of Teutonic wooziness: either the moon has a special significance for a soul searching, etc., etc., or it hasn't.

The seed doesn't germinate: yet the final impression left by the book is of an honest, liberal-minded man—a "good" German of the pre-1914 vintage—painstakingly trying to reconstruct the spiritual landscape of his adolescence. If this attempt doesn't quite come off, the fault may be partly mine; for, though Herr Carossa seems to me a good writer and a likeable person, I find his particular brand of romanticism somewhat antipathetic. I should add that the book is extremely easy to read, and that Mr. Robert Kee's translation (though I am incompetent to judge of its accuracy) seems to me both fluent and graceful.

JOCELYN BROOKE

NEW NOVELS

"My Cousin Rachel." By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Dividing of Time. By ELIZABETH SEWELL. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Living on Yesterday. By EDITH TEMPLETON. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Two hundred years hence some painstaking masochist will attempt to analyse the English feminine middlebrow novel. Surrounded by microfilm, lie-detectors and all the paraphernalia of humane scholarship in 2150, his tarbooshed head bent beneath the electric fans of Jakarta or Bahrein University, the patient researcher will pore over the evidence, laying siege to the great citadel of cliché. Slowly, quire by quire, the accumulative indictment of emotional falsity, stock situation, anachronism, slipshod writing and intellectual fifth-rateness, will pile up. At last, purblind but triumphant, the scholar will scribble his terminal epigraph ("*si monumentum requiris . . .*") and reach for a cultural restorative. One quick jab in the backside and yet another Ehrenburg-Dos Passos Research Fellow will have completed his mission in safety.

Two of the above-named three novels would be certain to receive honourable mention in any such D. Litt. thesis. It is hard to settle the proportion of silliness between them. Take "*My Cousin Rachel*," for instance. In the 'thirties, Miss du Maurier was a kind of poor woman's Charlotte Brontë. Her *Rebecca*, whatever one's opinions of its ultimate merits, was a *tour de force*. In its own way and century, it has achieved a position in English Literature comparable to "Monk" Lewis's *The Bleeding Nun* or Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*. To-day Miss du Maurier the novelist is Miss Blurb's favourite Old Girl whose published appearances are heralded with the brouhaha of a privileged ex-hockey captain come down to give the home team a few hints about attack. This, one imagines her telling newcomers to St. Gollancz's, is how it should be done. Frankly, I cannot help feeling that Miss du Maurier's books have been successfully filmed so often that by now she may be said not so much to write a novel as shoot it. The present scenario is a honey for any Hollywood or Wardour Street tycoon. Slick, effective, utterly mechanical, the book is a triumphant and uncanny example of the way in which a piece of writing can be emasculated by unconsciously "having it arranged" for another medium. Close-ups, fade-ins, sequences by candlelight or long shots from the terrace—it has all been taken care of in the script and there is little call for anything in the way of imagination on the part of the director. One can hear the Technicolor cameras turning happily on page 59:

> The waggonettes were silhouetted on the further hill, and the waiting horses and the moving figures black dots on the skyline. The shocks of corn were golden in the last rays of the sun. The sea was very blue, almost purple where it covered the rocks, and had that deep full look about it that always comes with the flood tide. The fishing fleet had put out and were standing eastward to catch the shore breeze. Back at home the house was in shadow now, only the weather-vane on the top of the clock-tower catching a loose shaft of light.

The recipe is a simple but golden one. Time (vaguely Regency), place (Cornish Riviera) and Theme (the Wicked Lady) have all been unerringly chosen. The cast—Siren, Siren's lover, Hero-narrator, Hero-narrator's cousin, Nice Girl, Nice Girl's Father, Family Butler, Family Butler's Stooge—loom up appealingly at us out of *Spotlight*. Producers, admiring the general effect, will forgive such occasional anachronisms, as "forget it," "slapped my bottom with a hair-brush," and "Why not tell these gossips I'm a recluse and spend all my spare time scribbling Latin verses? That might shake them." Boyish sulks, mares in a lather, and a lot of old lace at the throat and wrist, eked out with constant cups of poisoned tisane, complete the formula. A rare and irresistible bit of *kitsch*, whose clichés will soon be jostling and clashing in merry carillons up and down the premier cinema circuits of the English-speaking world.

"Anyone who has a dream life and an imagination that is not dead," writes Miss Sewell of *The Dividing of Time*, "may walk in here and feel at home." It is an invitation that needs to be accepted with caution. This book hovers on that uneasy frontier where art ends and literary narcissism begins. The author's "I" is a psyche out of the In-Tray, the quintessence of all happy schizophrenics in the Civil Service. When she is not living the life Beautiful, transcribing Rilke on her office blotter or hanging small Van Gogh prints on the wall, she is excusing in faery realms—chiefly in a tyrannical cathedral city where her ego is subjected to grim and delicious examination. Each Kafkaesque episode finds her back in Knightsbridge; the soul adventurer moves in the background of Harvey Nichols, lunches in Sloane Street and visits to Harrods "to look for knitting patterns." At other times she meets Samson and the Moon Princess, has a brief "pash" for the Seventh Sleeper of Ephesus and sings duets with Nebuchadnezzar among the office files. There is, in fact, a great deal of Georgian verse scattered up and down the book. Occasionally, Miss Sewell forsakes Davies-and-water to become a kind of tomboyish troubadour of the Inner Circle:

> For I have seen in beauty
> To rearward of your march,
> Endymion in the dawn-wind
> Beside the Marble Arch . . .

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This novel may be, as its author claims, "an exorcism of unhappiness." Personally, I must admit only to having found it the most pretentious piece of whimsy that I have read for a very long time.

Miss Templeton's novel, by contrast, is an amusing and unpretentious social comedy. Her book opens slowly and conventionally and at first shows every sign of being yet another gerontophilous lament for decayed Hapsburg splendour. One feels that in changing her setting from the customary Old Vienna 1910 to Old Prague 1920, the author has made her first and last concession to originality. The ex-cavalry major, the ageing archducal favourite, the egocentric *grande dame* and the millionaire with a weak stomach—this, we feel, is where we came in. We sit out a few tea parties, watch the Baroness buy her fake Roman sculpture and view the clique at the mercy of its entourage—M. Simek, the chef, Mr. Robinson, the riding-master etc. Even the arrival of a fake Hungarian count is an expected diversion. Count Szalay woos the Baroness's lovely, shy and rather bloodless daughter. The courtship is an all too easy one. He only has to twitch his monocle and tell a few regimental stories to have Hedwig breathlessly at his feet. Papa is agreeable, the Baroness is delighted to marry her daughter into a family that attended St. Stephen's coronation. All is set for a Mittel-Europan *Washington Square*. Hedwig will either be offered up on the altar of a *grande alliance* or left behind a slammed drawing-room door to take up her knitting, "as it were, for life." Here Miss Templeton scores heavily. "And now, Ferdinand, I must ask you something. You are not a Count, are you?" Hedwig pops the awful question in the *entr'acte* of *Fledermaus*. The sequel is as amusing and unexpected as one of Mr. Maugham's lighter-weighted short stories—though Mr. Maugham would have taken care to knot the ends of his narrative more firmly together. Miss Templeton's novel is little more than a doll's house peepshow. But, like all good peepshows, her puppets have colour and animation. JOHN RAYMOND

CURRENT REVIEWS

POETS are at a crisis, books of poetry don't pay, but a surprising number of poems manage to battle through to print, if not to profit. Several magazines exclusively given to poetry, some the mouthpiece of poetry societies, still struggle on, relieving their feelings in crisis-conscious editorials: the last numbers of the *Poetry Quarterly* (Grey Walls Press, 1s. 6d.)—has work by James Kirkup, D. G. Bridson, and Sydney Tremayne, and an appreciation of W. R. Rodgers by Robert Greacen. It is catholic in its approach: so is the Poetry Society's bi-monthly, *The Poetry Review* (2s. 6d.): Lord Dunsany, Richard Church, Ruth Pitter appear in recent numbers, as do John Waller, G. S. Fraser and Alan Rook. Many of the same names reappear in *Poetry* (2s.), the quarterly magazine of the British Poetry Association, and in the Festival Issue of *Poetry, London* (2s. 6d.)—there is a slight stage-army atmosphere about the roll-call in all these reviews. Three spirited periodicals that draw mainly on less known talent are the broadsheet *Quarto* (Friary Press, Dorchester, quarterly, 9d.—good poems by a number of young writers; the quarterly *Poetry Manchester* (Carrington Cottage, Leigh Road, Leigh, 2s. 6d.), devoted largely to the work of local writers, though in "interest it will not be parochial"; and *Poetry Iceland* (15, Adelaide Street, Cork, quarterly 2s.) whose last number has an impressive long religious poem by Jerome Kiely and some striking ballads by Patrick Galvin and Ewart Milne. Another kind of local talent is given a hearing in Westminster School's literary magazine, *The Trifler* (2s.). J. Hyam's *In the Heart of the Worm* is a most witty and accomplished piece of work and the prose reaches a high standard of clarity and urbanity; among senior contributors are Charles Madge, Michael Hamburger and Kathleen Raine. (The change of cultural climate in our public schools may be inferred from an editorial article which suggests that the intellectuals, being now on top, should occasionally help the sportsmen out by "coaching a particularly backward eight, or filling in places left open by illness.")

An even more pressing literary problem than poetry in these islands is where to place the serious critical article. In this field we must be thankful for the new *Essays in Criticism* (Blackwell, quarterly 4s.). It includes in its April issue, articles on *Robinson Crusoe as Myth* by Ian Watt, and on the critical forerunners of contemporary verse drama by Raymond Williams: in the July number, M. M. Mahood on *Shakespeare and the Pun*, H. M. McLuhan on *Tennyson and Picturesque Poetry*, Albert Gerard on *Coleridge, Keats and the Modern Mind*, and a reprint of Auden's essay on Pope that originally appeared in the compendium *From Anne to Victoria*. There is still the *Cornhill* (quarterly, 2s. 6d.), whose summer number has an interesting discussion by Nicholas Nabokov of the *Battlefront of Soviet Music* and some remarks by Elizabeth Bowen on the backward look in contemporary writing: it also prints entertaining memories by Osbert Lancaster, a short story by Arthur Miller, and Patrick Leigh-Fermor's fascinating account, with photographs, of the rock-top monasteries of the Meteora. *The Cambridge Journal* (monthly, 3s.) has printed, in recent numbers, Maurice Evans on *Elizabethan Spoken English*, Hugh Bevan on *Welsh Literature*, Frank Bradbrook on *Style and Judgment in Jane Austen's Novels*, J. M. Cohen on Bridges's poetry. The current *Mandrake* (irregular, 2s. 6d.) is an Italian Arts Number, including work in translation by Alberto Moravia, Vasco Pratolini, and Emilio Cecchi.

Derek Traversi contributed a careful analysis of Graham Greene's novels to the March and April issues of the *Twentieth Century* (3s.); in its August number T. R. Fyvel discusses the literature of imperialism, with special reference to T. E. Lawrence and George Orwell. Aubrey Menen is witty and shrewd on *The Baroque and Mr. Waugh* in the April *Month* (2s. 6d.); in the July issue Katharine Chorley ably explodes some of the fallacies of *Mountain Mysticism*, and Graham Greene reviews the latest Ambler. From the literary point of view *Arena* (bi-monthly, 1s. 6d.) moves on two levels. Arthur Waley on *Recent Chinese Poetry* (No. 7) and Jack Lindsay on Coleridge's symbolism (Nos. 6 and 7) show a sensibility to words and ideas; Sam Aaronovitch on *The U.S.A. Threat to British Culture* (No. 8) does not. The question of American influence, political and literary, is seriously discussed in the June issue of *Esprit* (Fr. 180). *History To-day* (monthly, 2s. 6d.) cultivates a wide field. Arthur Waley writes on *The Fall of Lo-Yan* and Julian Huxley on *Burke and Alphabets* (April); Christopher Sykes on *Colonel Sibthorp* (June) and Sir Kenneth Clark on *Leon Battista Alberti* (July).

Envoy (monthly, 2s.) though always stimulating, is also rather uncertain in aim. Some of the literary articles, like Patrick Kavanagh's *Auden and the Creative Mind*, are like lively conversation—plenty of ideas but no organisation; but D. S. Savage, in the same issue, has a closely-reasoned piece on *The Significance of F. Scott Fitzgerald*. The April number was devoted to Joyce: again, some hit-or-miss pieces, along with Joyce letters and good articles by Denis Johnston and Andrew Cass. The note struck is patriotic, possessive, familiar, salted with an aversion to foreign pedantry. Notable among the substantial, stimulating nourishment of the *Hudson Review* (quarterly $1) are Robert Graves's *Language of Myth* (Spring) and Kenneth Burke's *Othello*, Sergei Eisenstein's *Birth of a Film* and Herbert Read's *Jung at Mid-Century* (Summer); and, new poems by Wallace Stevens and Robert Graves.

J. A. S.

The British Journal of Delinquency: Numbers 1 to 4. *Bailliere Tindall & Cox.* Annual Subscription 27s. 6d.

Few subjects attract more benevolent public interest nowadays than delinquency, but much of the good will runs to waste for lack of mutual understanding between the many parties involved. The public, the psychologists and penologists of different schools, and the officials engaged in the humble but necessary task of actually looking after criminals are all at loggerheads. In founding this *Journal* the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency has sought to spread knowledge of the psychological approach and co-ordinate effort in research. Besides some excellent clinical studies of the application of the psycho-analytic method to delinquents, there are valuable articles giving information not easily available elsewhere. Outstanding contributions are a sympathetic yet realist survey of the prison population of Wakefield Prison by Dr. W. F. Roper, a penetrating study of the Soviet attitude to Western criminology, a too-brief account of the effect of closing the *maisons tolerées* in Paris, and a statistical study of executions in the United States. A discussion on group-stealing in Holland by Dr. N. Muller and Dr. Mannheim is an important contribution to a much-neglected subject. Even those who do not agree with the editors that the study of delinquency is *only* a problem in psychology will find this Journal an invaluable stimulus to thought.

Thomas Mann. By HENRY HATFIELD. *New Directions.* $2.

Thorough and unpretentious, Mr. Hatfield's short survey of Thomas Mann's work is an example of academic criticism at its best. If it contains little that is new, it succeeds in gathering up existing threads with the least possible amount of fumbling, so that all but specialists can read the book with pleasure and profit. Mr. Hatfield traces Thomas Mann's development from the earliest published *nouvelles* to *Doctor Faustus*, equally attentive to the themes themselves and to the novelist's manner of dealing with them. The result is a balanced, concise and comprehensive guide to the works of fiction; an additional chapter is devoted to Mann's critical essays and political writings, another to a brief biographical sketch. Lastly, there is a bibliography, comprising only those of his works which have appeared in English translation in the United States, as well as the more important books and articles on Mann, whether published in English or in German.

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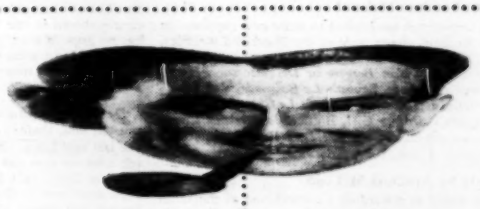

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Competitors are invited to write new captions, in the familiar, chatty style of the illustrated weeklies, for any one of the following pictures: Manet's *Bar at the Folies Bergère* or *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe,* Renoir's *La Loge,* Seurat's *La Baignade,* Van Eyck's *Arnolfini and his Wife,* Ruben's *Le Chapeau de Paille,* Hogarth's *Shrimp Girl,* Botticelli's *Birth of Venus,* Millais' *Ophelia,* Sargent's *Lord Ribblesdale,* John's *Sugeia.* Limit, 100 words.

Report by Arachne McLeod

Not really as rewarding a competition as the setter hoped—and no one attempted *La Loge* or *La Baignade.* Perhaps the target was too wide, ranging all the way from the ghastly familiarity of the near-comics ("With Venus are the Wind twins, looking just a teeny bit surprised at that swim suit"—K. S. Hopkins) to the sociological concern of *Picture Post* and the socialite interests of the glossies ("Ophelia, pretty 18-year old daughter of the Lord Chamberlain at Elsinore, whose engagement to a European prince has been rumoured recently"—Norman Klenman). I had some hesitation which to choose of Graeme Wilson's two entries, and only relinquished his Ophelia with regret (". . . She left by the river and our photograph shows her departing"). Prizes of a guinea each to him, to H. A. C. Evans, Eric Swainson, Elaine Morgan, R. B. Browning (who excellently catches the splendid irrelevance dear to some caption-writers), E. Bedwell. Honourable mention: Fergie and Bettine Rankin.

BOTTICELLI'S BIRTH OF VENUS

Venus, the well-known goddess, is shown emerging from the sea, surrounded by her friends. Our artist has caught her at what, for many ladies, might have been an embarrassing moment. But Lady Venus, pioneer of Nudism and the Body Beautiful, is equal to all occasions. Clothed only in a modest smile, she is an object-lesson to all her Nature-loving sisters in the difficult art of, shall we say, concealing nature.

H. A. C. EVANS

VAN EYCK'S ARNOLFINI AND WIFE

Seen here with Mrs. A. and "Tootles," pet griffin terrier, the well-known merchant proudly displays outsize "beaver," fur-edged gown (two trapping trophies ?), and ornate mirror in background. Notice homely touches—the bedside slippers, the ripening fruit (both Arnolfinis are keen gardeners), the connubial couch, and, ah! Dare we anticipate in the not-so-distance future a joyful announcement from the home of our most distinguished mercantile genius? Wall inscription, "Van Eyck was here," is of course, a family joke.

ERIC SWAINSON

HOGARTH'S SHRIMP GIRL

You know Hogarth for his "Rake's Progress," (the strip cartoon with the temperance moral) and portraits of contemporary V.I.P.'s.

So what was it about this wet and windy lass that made him forsake for once his cautionary tales and celebrated males? She out-urchins the most daring of us with that carefree hair-do and *gamine* grin—and seaweed on the shoulder makes beetles and lizards seem the merest clichés!

And why are the highlights pure stark canvas? Were there raw material shortages even then—or did the sitter live up to that Puckish air and disappear, leaving her portrait only half-completed?

ELAINE MORGAN

MILLAIS' "OPHELIA"

How attractively this death-wish has ended!
An inspiration for all existentialists—

BETTINE RANKIN

MANET'S "DEJEUNER SUR L'HERBE"

Cultural Jaunt. The unconventional M. Manet and some French friends, guests of the Dowager Countesse Elsa ("Maxie"), seen picnicking on Count Maxwell's estate. It will be noticed that the beeches planted by the late Count are leafing splendidly.

GRAEME WILSON

MANET'S "BAR AT THE FOLIES BERGÈRE"

Present owners paid £50,000 for this picture. The real atmosphere of the *Folies,* famed for rude nudes, is lost in this 400 square inches of canvas by Manet.

The bustling background captures the vivid eroticism of the crowd and, in contrast, the sadness clearly shown in the bar-girl's face, suggests that she has no hope of ever becoming one of "les Girls."

Artist Manet struggled against adversity throughout his life and was more often rejected than accepted.

R. B. BROWNING

De quoi s'en agit-il—what goes around here? We can tell you, that's us in the mirror asking Fifi when she last saw Lulu. We are mad about Lulu, you can tell it by our eyes and by our clenched fists. The dumb look on Fifi's face is supposed to be her trying to remember was it Wednesday or Thursday. She is foxing (the vixen), she is covering for Lulu, who is with Toto, and she knows it, and we know it, and is it burning us up?

FERGIE

SARGENT'S "LORD RIBBLESDALE"

This sort of nobleman went out with the Inheritance Tax and Super Tax at one-pound-minus. Sargent's is the last of the glamour-pictures of our aristocracy. The lean, haughty milord owes something to Sargent's study of eighteenth-century peerage-portraiture; more, perhaps, to his reading of Ouida and Ethel M. Dell. This is how we think the seigneur ought to look.

To-day, the superb hunting-topper is changed for the businessman's homburg; the fabulous existence eked-out on the half-crowns of visitors to the stately home.

E. BEDWELL

CHESS: Ask your Dad

No. 97

In a family of chess players F. Bethge, senior, is a noted German problem-composer and his son a strong player, and it so happened that this particular family affair produced an endgame, not merely neat, but extremely instructive. Playing Black it was Bethge senior's move in this position, and by playing (1) . . . K-K4 he proceeded to teach his son a lesson. Of course, White must not take the QBP on account of P-R7, and he seems to have nothing better than B x KBP, which was followed by (2) . . . K-B5, (3) K-Q2, K x P, (4) P-K5, K-B5! It would be a mistake, of course, to play K-K5, because this would give the White P a chance to queen with a check. But now White cannot push the P on account of P-R7. So the sequel was (5) B-Kt3, K x P, (6) B-R2, K-Q5. Here White might try B-Kt1, hoping to be stalemated by a Q or R promotion; but for a problem composer's son such levity would have been tantamount to a breach of the fifth commandment. Evidently a Kt-promotion would have spoiled the little scheme. So White played (7) B-Kt8 and countered K-B4 by (8) B-B7. Had he retreated the B to R2, Dad would have won more quickly by K-Kt5, for this, indeed, is the key position which, as we shall soon see, Black was aiming for. What happened was (8) . . . K-Kt4! (9) B-K6, which was more or less forced because (9) B-K8ch would have been countered by K-Kt5 and (9) B-Kt3 by K-R4. As it happened Black played (9) K-R5, and now White had to guard against the threatened advance of the P by B-R2. Now Black has reached the desired position and, by (10) . . . K-Kt5 can put White into *zugzwang.* The rest is simple: (11) B-B7, P-R7! (12) B x P, K-R6! and Junior promptly resigned.

In this week's competition it seems only fitting for **A** also to illustrate the struggle between pawns and a piece. It is a Rook this time, but unlike that frustrated Bishop he succeeds to draw. Compared with other Rinck studies this one is not particularly difficult, and 6 ladder-points seem a fair enough rating for this as well as for **B,** a 3-mover by one of our readers who earns a well-deserved chess-book token for this pretty piece. As for **C**—White to win—this is quite subtle and by no means easy. It should be well worth 8 points.

A: Henri Rinck, 1907

B: B. J. da C. Andrade

C: R. Reti, 1925

Usual prizes. Entries by August 20.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 21

A: (1) . . . Q x R ch. (2) R x Q, R x R ch. (3) Kt-K1, Kt-B6. (4) Q-Q2, R x Kt ch. (5) Q x R, R-Q1 etc.
B: (1) K-B6, K-Kt5. (2) K-Q5, K-B6. (3) K-K5, P-K6. (4) K x P (4), P x P. (5) K-K3 etc.
C: (1) K-Q6, R x P. (2) R-Q8 ch, K-Kt2. (3) P-K7, K-B3. (4) P queens, R x Q. (5) R x R, P-R5. (6) K-Q5! K-B4. (7) K-Q4, K-B5. (8) K-Q3, K-B6. (9) R-B8 ch, K-Kt7. (10) K-K2, P-R6. (11) R-B2 ch, K-Kt6 (12) R-B6, P-R7. (13) R-Kt6 ch, K-R6. (14) K-B2 etc.
(6) R-KR8 is not good enough: . . . K-Kt4. (7) K-K5, K-Kt5. (8) K-K4, K-Kt6. (9) K-K3, P-R6. (10) R-KKt8, K-Kt7! (11) R x P ch, K-B1! etc.

Since **C,** the most difficult of the trio, is to count next week only, this week's prizes can be shared by some who have never (or not for some time) appeared in a prize list: R. Chandra, H. Davison, W. T. Maccall, G. Roblin.

ASSIAC

Company Meetings

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

IMPROVED RESULTS

The 24th annual general meeting of Associated British Picture Corporation, Ltd., was held on August 2 in London, Sir Philip Warter (the chairman) presiding.

The following is an extract from his statement:—

During the year the board decided to close the studios at Welwyn and concentrate film production at our modern Elstree studios. Economies arising from this rationalisation, together with our policy of strictly controlling production expenditure, have contributed to the improved results which we are pleased to record for the year 1950-51.

The trading profits of the group show an increase of £298,651 from £2,205,624 to £2,504,275.

The net profit of the group amounted to £663,609, an increase of £119,987, and the net profit of the Corporation was £624,393, compared with £507,795 last year. Your board propose that the Ordinary dividend should remain at 20 per cent.

During the year, out of the group's box-office receipts of £18,901,114, £7,009,305 was paid to the revenue in the form of Entertainments Duty—representing 37.1 per cent of the takings.

It is not generally appreciated that, on what was the most popular price of seat—namely, 1s 10d—9d went to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has now agreed to a conference between the Treasury officials and representatives of the industry to ascertain if there is an alternative method of tax collection which will give exhibitors some elasticity in adjusting prices of admission without creating the anomalies which at present make this practically impossible.

A few days after the close of the Financial Year the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed in his Budget Speech to increase Entertainments Duty by 1d on all gross prices of admission from 6d to 9d inclusive, and 2d per seat on other gross prices of admission from 10d upwards.

The whole industry, represented by the four main organisations covering all forms of production, distribution and exhibition, submitted alternative proposals to the Treasury. Following protracted negotiations, the Chancellor agreed to a compromise plan, which provided for a 1d tax remission on the 1s gross price of admission whilst leaving all other prices under 1s untouched. In addition to his new tax proposals he has also agreed to seat price adjustments which should bring in additional income.

It has not been found possible to operate production profitably for the financial year under review, but the sum that it has been necessary to provide for the production deficit is less than in recent years.

The trading for the current year to date can, under the circumstances, be considered satisfactory.

The report was adopted.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE Society of Civil Servants invites applications for the full-time post of Assistant Secretary on a salary scale of £575 × 30—£970. Commencing salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate which will also be taken into account in fixing a period of probation. The post is permanent and pensionable, and the appointment will be subject to a medical examination. Negotiating ability and general organising capacity are essential and knowledge of the Civil Service and experience of Staff Association work are very desirable, but applicants without such knowledge or experience will be considered if their other qualifications are exceptionally suitable. Candidates should give particulars of age, sex, educational qualifications, present and previous employments, and experience of Civil Service conditions and Whitley machinery. Applications should include the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference can be made, together with a copy of any testimonials which should be addressed to the General Secretary, Society of Civil Servants, Palace Chambers, Bridge St., S.W.1, not later than September 15, 1951.

LEEDS College of Art. Principal E. E. Pullee, A.R.C.A., F.S.A.E. School of Design. Applications are invited for the post of specialist teacher of Interior Decoration to work with the Painting and Decorating Section of the School of Design. The successful candidate will have wide scope for development. Candidates should be conversant with the examinations for the Ministry of Education National Diploma in Design, the Institute of British Decorators, the City and Guilds of London Institute and the examinations of the National Joint Education Committee. Salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale (Grade B Assistants, £450 × 25–£725, with allowances for approved training, teaching and professional experience. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained on receipt of a stamped and addressed foolscap envelope, from the Chief Education Officer, Education Offices, Leeds, 1, to whom applications should be returned not later than two weeks after the appearance of this notice.

THE I.L.O. invites applications from men and women of U.K. nationality aged not less than 23 and not more than 35 years on September 30, 1951, for a post of Assistant Member of Division in the Agricultural Section of the International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland. Qualifications required: 1. University degree (preferably including economics or agriculture) or the equivalent in experience. 2. Ability to draft clearly and concisely. 3. Good knowledge of French or Spanish. 4. Account will be taken of research experience in agricultural economics, if possible in agricultural labour problems. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained on application with stamped, addressed foolscap envelope, from the International Labour Office, 38-39 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1. Closing date for return of completed application forms is Sept. 30, 1951.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of Assistant Children's Officers from qualified social workers with experience of work with children. Salary—Grade A.P.T.III, £500 × £15 to £545 per annum plus London Weighting of £30 per annum (£20 per annum if under 26 years). Further conditions of appointment and application forms can be obtained (on sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the Children's Officer, 3 Fell Rd., Croydon, to whom they must be returned not later than August 20, 1951. Canvassing will disqualify. E. Taberner, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Croydon.

TOYNBEE Hall, the Universities' Settlement in East London, invites applications from University men for the post of Sub-Warden and director of evening classes. Candidates should have had experience in educational work and have administrative ability and interest in social service. Salary £400–£500 with furnished flat and full board. Particulars and forms of application by post only from The Secretary, Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, London, E.1.

UNITED Nations Association. The Executive Committee of the United Nations Association and the Scottish National Council of U.N.A. are about to appoint a National Officer to extend the membership, form new branches and generally develop the work of the Association in Scotland. Starting salary: £450 p.a. Particulars and application form from: U.N.A., 25 Charles Street, W.1, on receipt of stamped, add. foolscap env.

WORLD Health Organization, Geneva, invites applications from secretaries and stenographers of English mother tongue for test to be held in London in October to recruit for stenographic pool, Geneva. Indefinite contracts (minimum 2 years), pension fund, health insurance, annual leave. Age limits: 20-40 years; minimum speeds: shorthand 100, typing 55 w.p.m.; education: at least 4 years' secondary school, preferably with School Certificate. Written applications, enclosing recent photo, to Personnel Section, World Health Organisation, Geneva, giving following details: age, mother tongue, nationality, education, certificates held and experience. Closing date: August 25, 1951. Candidates selected for this test will be notified not later than September 14. No other correspondence will be entered into.

TYPIST required. Write: Socialist Medical Assoc., 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RAMBLERS' Association Services has several important staff vacancies. R.A.S. specialises in walking tours, mountaineering and other out-of-the-ordinary holidays in most European countries and North Africa but has considerably more normal travel agency business. Good salaries will be paid and prospects are available to competent workers who can take growing responsibility in an expanding organisation. Exacting work, long hours at times; congenial atmosphere, good leave and occasional foreign travel if deserved. The vacancies are: (a) Personal Assistant to Secretary-Organiser—for this considerable interest in Society's activities, conversational French and/or German and organising ability are more important than specialised travel knowledge. (b) Two Travel Clerks, preferably with wide continental ticket experience, though less specialised applicants considered if with accountancy or similar background involving close attention to detail; languages an asset. (c) Shorthand-Typist-Secretary, good speeds, ability to type in French and/or German from English dictation. Applications, stating which post applied for, typed in the case of (c), tabulation exp. and salaries earned, should be marked "Staff Application" and sent to 48 Park Road, Baker St., London, N.W.1.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required by London County Council Public Health Department for allocation in first instance to a child guidance unit to be opened at 49 Wyatt Lane, Lambeth. Candidates should hold Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics and Political Science (London University) or any other approved certificate or diploma. Salary in accordance with approved National Scale. A temporary appointment will be made in the first instance. Applications should be made on forms obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, which should be returned not later than September 1, 1951. (950.)

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as shorthand-typewriters, preferably between the ages of 22 and 30. Particular attention will be given to potentiality for eventual promotion to Administrative posts in the higher grades which are concerned with the formulation of policy, control of expenditure, staff administration and organisation. Relevant points include educational qualifications and early training, experience in the Services or civil life, and acceptance of opportunity to take responsibility. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week. Send stamped, addressed envelope.

NORTHERN Ireland. Londonderry High School. Required for September: A Specialist to teach French. Residence abroad essential. Salary according to Ministry's scale. Good qualific. and exp. may lead to a post of responsibility. Candidates from Great Britain will receive a bonus towards travelling expn. Apply at once to Head Mistress.

NORTHERN Ireland, Londonderry High School for Girls. Required for Sept., specialist (temporary appointment) to teach Mathematics. Salary according to Ministry's Scale. Good qualifics. and exp. may lead to a post of responsibility. Candidates from Great Britain will receive a bonus towards travelling expenses. Apply at once to the Head Mistress.

THE Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide Movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: A sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth; good health. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications, to S/8, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

LONDON Council of Social Service, 7 Bayley St., W.C.1, has two vacancies: (1) Office Secretary; (2) Shorthand-typist attached to Old People's Welfare Dept. Application should be made to the Assistant Secretary.

PERSONNEL Officer (female) reqd. for London printing, card and inbox. factory with approx. 200 employees. Age 25/30 yrs. Prev. exp. desirable. Member of Institute of Personnel Management pref. Apply Box 5215 stating exp., age and sal. reqd.

JEWISH Board of Guardians Boys' Hostel at Woodford. Applications are invited from married couples able and willing to take charge of the Home and look after about 12 boys between 15 and 18 years. Experience of dealing with such boys is necessary. There is excellent accommodation in the Home for the Hon. Warden and his family who would be expected to make a real home for the boys. Domestic staff will be provided and the duties would not prevent the Warden from following his own profession. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 127 Middlesex St., Bishopsgate, London, E.1.

EDITOR seeks secretary whose accurate and rapid shorthand typing would be merely incidental to assistance in the production of monthly journal. Some previous journalistic exp. useful but lack of it would not exclude consideration. Qualifics. are sound English, an alert mind, personal drive, and residence within easy travelling distance of Croydon. Write fullest particulars and salary required. Box 5157.

LONDON Solicitors (Quakers) have vacancy for young man or woman wanting to become a solicitor, September. Box 4746.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ELECTROENCEPHALOGRAPHY. Interesting post with good prospects for young woman in active laboratory. Matric. essential, Science degree preferred. Hospital or lab. experience desirable. Salary during training. Box 5259.

A GROUP of electrically-driven Cotton Mills in Lancashire require an Engineer to take full charge of all maintenance and maintenance personnel. Give full particulars to Box 5181.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Assistant House Mothers required for work in small Home for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £263 6s. per annum less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

JEWISH Board of Guardians requires housekeeper (Orthodox) for convalescent home at Walton-on-Naze. (60 women and 20 men). Good salary with living quarters. Apply by letter to the Matron, Samuel Lewis Home, Naze Park Road, Walton-on-Naze, Essex.

NATIONAL Union of Students require urgently Warden (man or woman) to take charge of student hostel in London. Should be trained in household management and able to exercise authority. An interesting post. Write to: General Secretary, N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

PUBLISHER requires secretary editorial department early September. Shorthand-typing essential, also willingness to undertake varied duties. State experience and salary required. Box 5164.

SECRETARIES (part-time). One with good shorthand-typewriting and one with wide general experience reqd. mid-Sept. 5-day week, 9.30 to 1. Salary on scale £150 p.a., rising to £215 p.a. according to age and qualifics. Applic. form from Registrar, Royal College of Art, Exhibition Road, S.W.7.

HANDICRAFT Magazine wants bright, cheerful girl to train as Journalist. Write Box 5255.

WOMAN Chemistry Graduate required for temporary part-time work beginning end September, W.1. Box 5208.

OPENING for yng. man liking arithmetic and foreign langs. in Insurance Brokers Pension Scheme. Good prospects. Box 5183.

REQUIRED for Sample room and Showrooms of Coat and Suit, etc., House, capable young woman able to sketch accurately. Applicants must have ability to apply system of stock control and styles and have stock-size figure. Bust 35, waist 25, hips 37. Height approx. 5ft 5in-5ft 7in. No previous Fashion Trade experience is necessary, but an intelligent and conscientious worker is required. Excellent prospects of advancement offered. Reply in confidence to Box 5179, stating age and salary required and education standard achieved.

PERSONAL Assistant of high intelligence and integrity reqd. by owner of Radio and Electrical business of good standing. State age & full details of career. Box 5205.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED Graduate. Ambitious young woman with first-class secretarial and editorial exp., knowledge French, German & Spanish, seeks position. Box 5295.

INDIAN Sociologist-statistician, wide experience in Socio-Economic studies and Market Research in India, Europe and Africa, desires suitable assignment in Academic or Professional Institution. Prepared to stand journey-cost to join the post for a long-term contract. Box 5069.

MAN, 30, high quals. engineering, languages, typing, artistic interests, sks. part-time work. Box 5177.

EXPERT personal secretary, 30s. Parliamentary and professional exp., requires responsible, interesting post. Box 5176.

P.R.O. (woman), experience N. & S. America, S. Africa, wants job. Any reasonable suggestion considered. Box 5216.

LADY teacher, 23, at liberty November to February, seeks post home or abroad. General coaching, social organisation. Any suitable offer considered. Box 5169.

GIRL student seeks resident employment anywhere during Sept. Anything considered. Exptd waitress, shd.-typg. Box 5206.

GIRL student, 24, wants part-time domestic work, living in, Central London. Box 5168.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

BED-sitter in small house, Clapham South. Share amenities with owner occupier. Box 5108.

REFINED Guest House, bed-breakfast 10s. 6d. night. 181 Golders Green Rd., N.W.11. SPEdwell 5635.

LARGE furn. room. Suit young woman. H. & c., gasfire and ring. GIP. 1711.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

PART-furn. two rooms (bed-sitt., kit.-dining), 2nd floor. Use bathrm. Quiet business/professional Englishwoman pref. BAY. 5787, 11-2.30, and evenings.

LARGE, comfortable bed-sit. room with hot and cold water and all conveniences. 5 Stirling Mansions, 12 Canfield Gardens, N.W.6. Telephone MAIda Vale 0157.

FURN. flat, single woman only, quiet house, Hampstead Gdn. Suburb. No linen, china, etc. 45s. p.w. inc. e.l. Box 5257.

FURNISHED flat, s.c., West Hampstead. Bed., sit., kit., bath. Recently decorated. 4gns. Box 5079.

SINGLE and double accommodation with partial board available. A comfortable home with good food. Terms from 3½gns. 'Phone MAI 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

S.C. furnished flat to let near the British Museum, 7gns. per week. Box 4847.

STUDIO, partly furnished, near Swiss Cottage, not living in, 2gns. excl. Box 5042.

TO let Sept. 4-Sept. 24, House, sleep 6. 2 cots. 1 min. Barnet Tube. Cutlery, linen. 8 gns. week. Tel. Barnet 4565.

SINGLE and double accom. with partial board in comf. house available; good food (English & Continental); terms from 3gns. 21 Enmore Rd., Putney, S.W.15.

WELL-furnished bed-sitting-room with breakfast available for gentleman in lady's comfortable flat. Resident housekeeper. Central position. MAI. 5985.

CAMBRIDGE. Mother with 12-year-old daughter wishes share small, convenient house/garden with 1/2 quiet, friendly reliable people. Furn. double bedroom and recep. room avail. Independent, co-operative living. Adequate rental to be arranged, but congenial tenant(s) more important. Box 5153.

CONVERTED Norfolk Windmill, nr. sea, to let last half September. 10gns. p.w., 7 bdrms. (17 beds), 2 large living-rms. Reduced rates for winter. Apply: Cornford, Conduit Head, Cambridge. Tel.: 3097.

S. CORNWALL, tiny fishing beach, converted Capstan house, sleeps 5 plus, 5gns. p.w. short summer, 11gns. long winter let. Donington, 41 Compayne Gardens, N.W.6. MAI. 5267.

HAMPSTEAD. Very pleasant house and gdn., rebuilt 1949 (4 bedrms.), exchange mod. flat for 2, City/Kensington. Box 5125.

PROG. young law student requires room with/without board. Must be W.C., W.1 or N.W.1. Box 5031.

YOUNG bus. couple urgently need unf. flat/rms., London. Exc. refs. Box 5209.

UNIV. grad. and wife require furnished flat, London area. Box 5074.

TWO ladies req. unfurn. s.c. flat, Chelsea/Kensington. Up to £200. Box 5146.

FURNISHED flatlet (share considered) or room, part board, pref. near S.E.5, sought by graduate student (ex-F./Lt.) from now or October latest. Box 5148.

REQUIRED 2-3 yrs. only by young business couple while saving, unfurn. accom. in London area. Reasonable rent. Box 5034.

YOUNG Canadian professor & wife desire furn. flat near British Museum during Oct. & Nov. CAN. 4064, or write Box 5301.

SCHOOLS

THE Chelsea Froebel School. (Recognised 1951.) Entire staff fully qualified. Preparatory day school for children aged 4-9 years. 8 Elm Park Rd., Chelsea, S.W.3. (Flax. 9247.) Principal: Lady Edwards (H.N.F.U. Teacher's Certificate).

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A. Ed. B.

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £40 term. Good acad. results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

PINEHURST, Goudhurst, on the Weald of Kent. A Boarding School for Girls 5-11, and small boys. Farm produce. There are a few vacancies for next term. Apply Principal.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St., W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A progressive day school for boys and girls 5-15. Directors: John A. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Allan, B.Sc.

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 3 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk Coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally gd. food and very pleasant background. Pinewoods & sea. Prosp.: Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

WHATCOMBE House School, nr. Blandford, Dorset (Boys Preparatory) offers special coaching in small classes with exceptional prospects for common entrance and scholarships. September vacancies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. Last 3 wks. of "The Cradle Will Rock." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Members only.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Aug. 12, 7.30, "Faust and the Devil" (A) (Italian).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 22 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron. Tkts., 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., available nightly at doors only.

BRITISH Rumanian Friendship Association. Concert English and Rumanian music; Aleph String Quartet Leonard Cassini piano, Edward Howarth clarinet. Conway Hall. Tues. Aug. 28, 7.30. Tkts. 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. B.R.F.A., 101 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

RELIGIOUS DRAMA

CHRISTOPHER Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners," St. Thomas' Church, Regent St. Evgs. 8.30. Tues., Sats., 6.15 & 8.30. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Bkg. Church REG. 1223 or agencies.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. The full range of Ganymed Reproductions is on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). 9-6 and Saturday mornings.

BRITISH Abstracts, 1951. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "Growth & Form." Daily 10-6. Sat. inc.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Maurice Utrillo—20 Paintings. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

EXHIBITION of British Silverwork, including ceremonial plate, by contemporary craftsmen. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until August 31. 10.30 to 6.30 daily, except Sundays. Adm. 1s.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6. Sun. 2.30-6.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition. English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery: Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Open daily, including Sundays, 10-7.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Also flower paintings by Honor Sterndale-Bennett. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 29 Bruton St., W.1. 19th & 20th Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30; Sats. 10-1.

TOULOUSE-Lautrec Prints and Posters from the Chatell Collection. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. Open till September. Mon.-Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thur., 10-8. Adm. 1s.

LYONS Lithographs. Exhibition of the Second Series with original designs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open until September 1. Mon.-Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thur., 10-8. Adm. free.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Pottery by Gwilym Thomas, till Aug 31. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

R.B.A. Gallery, 6 Suffolk St., S.W.1. Ten Decades 1851-1951. Review of British taste from most academic to most advanced. 10-5 daily.

A.I.A. Gallery, Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Until August 20. Paintings by Peter Cumming, Guy Roddon, Christine Young.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DYLAN Thomas reading and commenting on his poetry, Saturday, August 11, at 3 p.m. Dorothy Sayers on "Mediæval Mystery Plays," Thurs., August 16, at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Hall, Victoria & Albert Museum in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

ALL Nations Social Club: "The Crisis in Asia," by H. C. Tausig, editor of "Eastern World." Questions & Discussion. Thurs., Aug. 16, 8 p.m., Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

"ASIAN Third Force?" by Andrew Roth. Mon., Aug. 13, 7.30, at Asian Inst., 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., 2s.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. August 12: Reincarnation, Memory, Heredity.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Gnanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. August 14: "Utility of Study of Indian Psychology." All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

HOSPITAL Domestic Management. Next 11-week non-residential course, organised by Ministry of Health, Institute of Personnel Management and Institutional Management Association, begins Morley College, S.E.1, Oct. 1. Majority of students nominated by hospitals but few vacancies also available outside applicants. Fee £25. Enquiries to Organising Tutor.

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THE studio at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, will be open throughout September, and not only for the experimental painting weekend 21-23rd. Simple materials provided.

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PERSONAL

CAR-Owner driving to Courmayeur, Italy, end August, seeks 2-3 partners. Accom. avail. in Hotel facing Montblanc. Box 5212.

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